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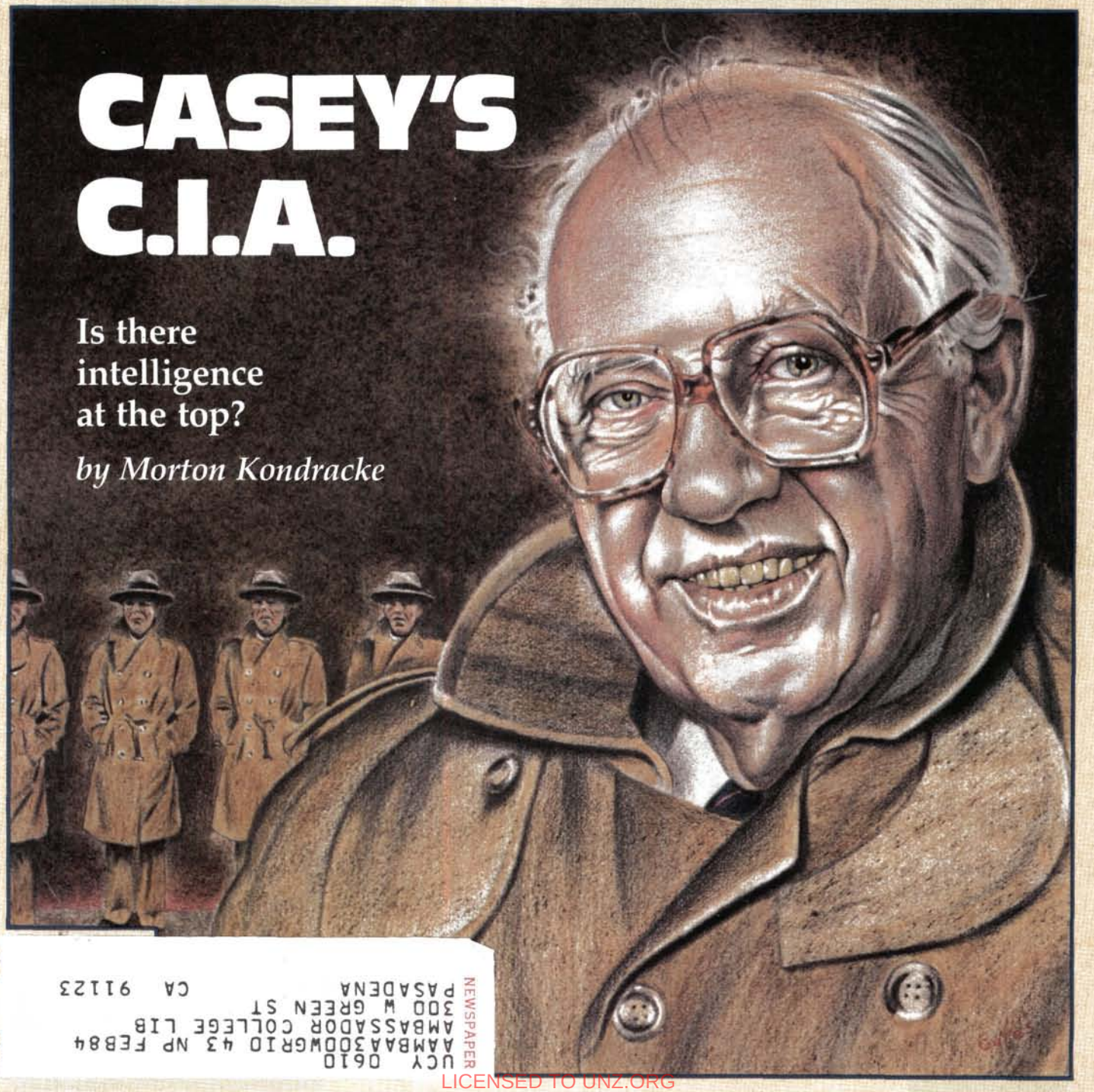

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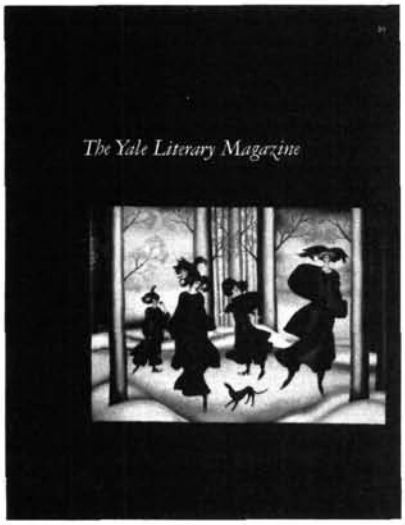

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CORRESPONDENCE

SALVADORAN OPTIONS

To the editors:

I find it hard to believe that Robert W. Tucker, the author of an article in *Commentary* during the great oil crisis urging U.S. military intervention and seizure of the Gulf oil fields, is also the author of "Their Wars, Our Choices" (TNR, October 24), proposing a policy of appeasement and ultimate surrender in Central America in the guise of a "political settlement" in El Salvador.

Is this not a replay of our disastrous policy in Vietnam, where we imposed the Kissingerian solution arrived at by secret negotiations with North Vietnam on a reluctant South Vietnam, which resulted in the destruction of the independence of South Vietnam and the catastrophe of Cambodia? The Vietnam "peace" was a disguised surrender "after a decent interval." Mr. Tucker is offering us a similar disastrous recipe for El Salvador. It must be firmly rejected.

ELIAS M. SCHWARZBART
New York, New York

To the editors:

In Robert W. Tucker's search for a bipartisan solution to the turmoil in Central America, a serious contradiction in his analysis emerges.

Tucker ridicules initiatives by the Contadora group aimed at ending the wars in the region. Pleading geopolitical interest, he concludes by calling for power sharing in El Salvador, consisting of a government supposedly broader-based than the military-right coalition now officially ruling the country. This is essentially the proposed political solution offered by the Contadora group and American critics of Reagan's Latin American policy.

Why does Tucker feel his form of negotiations to be superior to that of the five Latin American countries? Even the Reagan Administration is willing to support the Contadora proposal now that the Sandinistas have unilaterally proposed their own security accords.

The Contadora group seeks an end to the war in Central America and the social and economic ills that fester there. Tucker calls for power sharing after denigrating the diplomatic means to achieve it, and also after attempting to make the case for a future military intervention in El Salvador. Tucker warns of bad faith on the part of the communist rebels in Central America, but there is enough ill will emanating from his camp to spread the suspicion wider.

ALEXANDER REYES
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

Robert W. Tucker's otherwise excellent analysis of America's choices in Central America is marred by the conclusion that power sharing between the left and the right is the most promising solution to El Salvador's crisis. It is painful to admit that reason cannot prevail, and that there are only bad choices available. However, Salvadorans are far too polarized and accustomed to using force for power sharing to be a solution, even under U.S. pressure.

A member of El Salvador's congress recently had to be wrestled to the floor when he brandished a pistol at another member of Congress—while the legislature was in session. As Shirley Christian details in her excellent article ("The Other Side," TNR, October 24), the left is just as acrimoniously divided. If members of Congress can barely refrain from shooting each other, and the leadership of the left succumbs to murdering each other with ice picks, what possible hope is there for power sharing between the regime and the guerrillas?

FORREST COLBURN
Miami, Florida

THEATRICAL CAPACITY

To the editors:

I am astonished at Robert Brustein's attack ("Boards versus Artists," TNR, October 10). Mr. Brustein implies that my advocacy of reconstruction at the Beaumont is in some way linked to a reluctance to produce and a desire to draw a high salary. I work at the Beaumont because I am committed to the success of the theater. My desire for a reconstruction of the theater derives from conviction: first, the theater has debilitating artistic limitations, chiefly in that a large number of seats have severely bad sightlines and that the acoustics are bad for both performers and audience; and, second, the theater cannot alleviate its

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deficit without an improvement in its economic base—i.e., a significant increase in the number of seats.

The latter economic problem is one of the major reasons two previous institutions left the theater. Unless the problem of inadequate capacity is solved, the theater will close again and again because it will not be able to earn enough money to make its deficit manageable. Reconstruction would allow the Beaumont to make enough earned income for the theater to have, for the first time in its history, a manageable deficit.

As for donors having their names on theaters, libraries, hospitals, clinics, museums, and the like, it is a time-honored American tradition. Mr. Brustein produces in the *Loeb* Theater at *Harvard* University, honored names both. I would not suppose that either name went to the "highest bidder."

We seek simply to name an unnamed hall, with the support of the family of the donor of the building. The private sector is the principal source of support for the performing arts today. When a donor wants to memorialize a family name or an individual, it is hardly something to be lamented. The motive is, rather, worthy of commendation. The world is full of bad things, but the use of private money to build or rebuild structures which then bear the names of the donors is not one of them.

RICHMOND CRINKLEY
New York, New York

Robert Brustein replies:
Everyone agrees that the Beaumont is a difficult house, but someone devoted to building a company for the purpose of producing a season of plays does not limit his artistic policy and fundraising appeal to issues of real estate. Nor am I convinced that the financial problems of the Beaumont are explained primarily by its limited seating capacity. Nonprofit theaters subsist, not on (earned) box office income alone, but rather on a mix of public and private philanthropic sources. The Beaumont's financial problems are related to its continuing failure to convince these sources that it is a serious American theater with clear artistic goals. New York, the seat of American financial power is now one of the few cities in America without a major resident theater company. Surely there must be wealthy donors prepared to remedy this civic scandal. The Beaumont must first begin to demonstrate some seriousness and distinction. One doubts that it will happen under Richmond Crinkley. He has shown little qualification for the job, aside from a passion for naming unnamed halls. Perhaps he should move over to the Lincoln Center Development Office.

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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FROM WASHINGTON

BOMBS AWAY

The most eloquent liberal rallying cry of the past decade—Ted Kennedy's "Dream Shall Never Die" speech at the 1980 Democratic convention—contained a long list of reasons for passionate dissatisfaction with the status quo, but not one word about the peril of nuclear war. No one at the time thought this was an odd omission. Today, of course, every liberal politician, including Kennedy, avers that there is no more urgent item on the political agenda. The suddenness of this frenzy of alarm, when nothing fundamental has changed, is one of the things that makes me wonder how serious the current antinuclear campaign really is.

Another cause for wonder is the way antinuclear politics has served as a reentry vehicle into liberal respectability for dubious characters like Robert McNamara and McGeorge Bundy. A decade ago they were widely regarded as war criminals; a couple of high-minded *pronunciamientos* about how awful a nuclear war would be, and they start winning prestigious peace awards.

But the best evidence that the movement against nuclear weapons isn't really serious is its almost exclusive concentration on the glamorous prospect of war between the superpowers. Any politician or citizen truly eager to reduce the risk of nuclear war ought to be worrying instead about the problem of nuclear proliferation, and ought to be contemplating solutions that would be anathema to most antinuclear activists.

Proliferation is the serious issue for four reasons. First, the next nuclear bomb to be exploded in anger is not likely to belong to the United States or the Soviet Union. The system of mutual deterrence carries no guarantee, but it has worked for a third of a century. It depends, though, on stability (the game and the players don't change), on symmetry (each side knows the other side can respond in kind to a nuclear attack), and on rationality (no loonies at the button). None of these comforting conditions that make deterrence work will apply when smaller countries engaged in intense local disputes and run by zealots or worse start getting the bomb, which could happen soon. It's widely assumed that Israel already has it. India exploded what it calls a "peaceful" nuclear device, but which looks (and sounds) just like a bomb, in 1974. Other nations that seem to be beavering toward nuclear weapons include Libya, South Africa, Argentina, Brazil, Pakistan, and South Korea.

A second reason the energies of the antinuclear movement are misdirected is that the superpower nuclear confrontation, however dangerous, is something we're basically stuck with. Proliferation is not. A negotiated slowdown or even reversal of the Soviet-American nuclear arms race might make the world a bit safer, but not much. That's because neither nuclear superpower will abandon that status voluntarily. Superpower arms negotiations, no matter how urgent and sincere on both sides, cannot achieve total mutual nuclear disarmament. And short of total nuclear disarmament, the standoff and the danger of catastrophe remain. The danger of proliferation, on the other hand, is still—barely—prospective. What's more, preventing a nation from getting nuclear weapons doesn't depend on its own good will the way getting one to give them up does.

A third reason truly serious antinuclear energies ought to be directed against proliferation has to do with the limits of politics. The antinuclear movement, perforce, has far more influence over the democratic governments of the West than it can ever have over the Soviet Union. Critics therefore charge, with some justification, that whatever the intentions of antinuclear activists, one effect they have on the contest between the superpowers is to create pressure for unilateral Western disarmament. Regarding proliferation, though, one-sided pressure on the

continued on page 39

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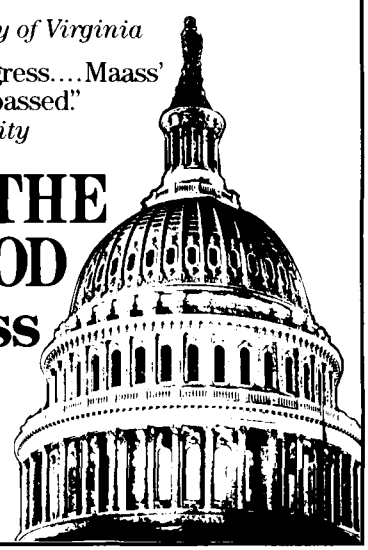

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HOW THE WEST WAS ONE

It all began in 1945. The Enola Gay's mission over Hiroshima inaugurated the infernal conditions of nuclear crisis in which we live; and the world was indeed afflicted with a new order of anxiety on that day. If the West is to remain really wakeful, however, it will have to remember a little more. Not only the end of that war, but that war itself. A generation that was morally and politically matriculated in Indochina has not grasped that the structure of our world was sired by the Second World War. It was that war that left the earth at the mercy of the superpowers, and the superpowers at the mercy of each other. The aftermath of the Second World War included not only the atom, but the confrontation between free and unfree peoples, between the United States and the Soviet Union. The first prize was Europe. The United States conceded Eastern Europe and proceeded to "containment," a concept that has lost not a bit of its historical wisdom; and to that end NATO was formed.

We put these facts baldly because they are rarely put. They are not part of the peace movement's usable past. The streets of Europe have filled with protests against the fielding of intermediate range nuclear missiles, the Pershing and the cruise; and it is intelligent not to want to be incinerated, and to say no to a nuclear war. But it is not merely nuclear war to which these Europeans are saying no. They are saying no to NATO. There are prominent factions in Britain's Labour Party that are naysaying NATO, and a recent rally in Bonn made the trend more clear. Petra Kelly attacked Willy Brandt for attacking the missiles without attacking the Western alliance. The structure of the world, then, is the outrage. It is indeed outrageous. The Soviet intention to rule where it can rule, and the American intention to resist such rule, is not exactly an idyll. Europeans cannot be blamed if they live by their nerves. (Though Americans do, too; we have been thermonuclear targets for many years.) But it is not intelligent to deny reality, even if it testifies to a failure of idealism.

As the date of the first deployment draws near, there is a need to name a number of political and historical truths, some of which have become casualties of nuclear concern. First, that the position of the United States at the bargaining table in Geneva is perfectly defensible. It is no longer the "zero option," President Reagan's initial suggestion to free Europe of all intermediate range nuclear weapons. Like similar proposals from the peace movement, this was utterly moral and utterly fantastic. Last June Mr. Reagan "went off" zero, and "went on" to what he called an "interim solution," according to which both sides would agree to install a small but equal number of these arms. This conformed to the principles of a plan informally worked out by the American negotiator Paul Nitze and the Soviet negotiator Yuli Kvitsinsky in their tranquil "walk in the woods." (A fine setting for dealing with the nuclear danger, you would have thought that the Greens would have thought.) The Kremlin was furious, and so was the White House—except that the White House soon stole the idea for the "interim." It is still the best idea, because it meets the requirement of deterrence. If the Soviet Union does not wish to be threatened by these missiles, there is a perfectly obvious way to make its wish come true. It can sign an arms control agreement.

The Soviet leadership (no point in attributing Soviet policy to Mr. Andropov anymore) is trying something else. It is trying to have Western democracy do its work. Though it is certainly not the case, as *The Wall Street Journal* obnoxiously opined in a recent editorial, that the peace movement "began as a glimmer in a Kremlin disinformer's eye," there can be little doubt that the Russians are hoping to have the opinion of the Western public come between Moscow and the new missiles. The Kremlin has been sweet-talking about spurious Soviet concessions, and sour-talking about a walkout of the talks if the deployments begin. Imagine the popular reaction if Ronald Reagan whispered about walking out. (In fact Ronald Reagan has made great rhetorical progress. "A nuclear war cannot be won and must never be fought," he told the United

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Nations last month, in the introduction to still more modifications of his I.N.F. proposals.) The Soviet argument against the deployments, however, is made up of lies. Take the claim that the British and French forces are a match for the SS-20s. A count of the warheads carried by the British and the French will show that they are a match for approximately 30 SS-20s. The Russians have 243.

The lowest Soviet lie is that the United States is trying to "upset the balance" (Mr. Gromyko's words) with the Pershings and the cruise. There is no such balance. It was the Soviet Union that upset the balance in the late '70s, with its SS-20s. That is the second thing that must be established in this "hot autumn." The deployment of the SS-20s was the scandal. A new level of nuclear lethality was introduced into a strategic situation that was already characterized by a Soviet advantage. That advantage was on the ground, in the measures of conventional strength; and it is not until that advantage is corrected, until the Western European nations overcome the nuclear bias of their strategy and of their forces, until they stop flinching at the financial requirements of conventional deterrence, until they act upon their nuclear nightmares instead of their consumerist dreams, that they will be really safe from the possibility of nuclear use. Meanwhile the Soviets may bask in an old form of military superiority. The size of that superiority, to be sure, is a matter for debate; but it is such that not even the four "no-first-users" recommended that the West now denude itself of its nuclear weapons.

Why did the Soviets, then, install the SS-20s? Obviously there was no military reason. There was, however, a political reason. In recent years we have heard a great deal about the military uselessness of nuclear weapons; Robert McNamara, the man who gave us "flexible response," has just added his voice to this very correct chorus. (A man may change his mind, but he ought to say why.) It is true that these weapons have no military role. They cannot win. They can only wipe out. If ever proof was needed, however, that they have a political role, the SS-20s are the proof. These projectiles reclining patiently in the Urals are brilliant political performers. We have been delivered to precisely the dilemma that Soviet planners devised for us: we may meet a Soviet military advantage at the possible price of our political unity, or we may preserve our political unity at the certain price of a Soviet military advantage. Somebody in Russia deserves the Order of Lenin.

Which brings us to NATO's stated reasons for its imminent installations. The Pershings and the cruise are given a military justification and a political justification. The military justification is that the present strategic situation would require NATO to respond to a Soviet nuclear attack by choosing between surrender and a supplication to the United States that it fire its own nuclear missiles. That is commonly known as World War III; and, as de Gaulle warned, the United States cannot be counted upon to commit suicide for another country. The Pershings and the cruise would allow for a Western retaliation that would fall short of a strategic nuclear exchange between the United States and the Soviet Union. The SS-20s, in other words, would be deterred. (Though there is no doubt that if this deterrence fails, or indeed if any deterrence fails, Europe will be rubble.)

There are legitimate objections to this military calculation, certainly. It is the declared policy of the Soviet Union, for example, to interpret any attack by NATO as an attack by the United States; the Pershings may be redundant. Moreover, prominent American planners have confided to reporters that the missiles are going in not for military reasons but for political reasons. These reasons have been widely scorned, and when the political argument for the Pershings is made in a cynical way the scorn is well deserved. It would indeed be criminal to employ nuclear weapons for the sake of "saving face." But there is a serious way to make the political argument, too. It is not NATO's image, but NATO's reality, that may be at stake here.

WE ARE AT the heart of the matter. Since the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty in 1949, the Soviet Union's ambitions in Europe have been thwarted more by the existence of our alliance than by the existence of our arsenal. What has stood in the Soviets' way, in other words, is not a military fact, but a political fact. The Soviets may have understood this more profoundly than we have. No measure of military strength in any European country will make up for the breakdown of the alliance. The Soviets desire nothing more. The SS-20s were deployed in this desire. The response to the SS-20s, for this reason, is not merely a military response, even if it is a military move. In this sense the protesters in Europe are right: the Pershings and the cruise are a symbol for NATO. They are, to be sure, an awful symbol. Yet they are, too, an unrepresentative symbol, since what they communicate is not a willingness to wage nuclear war but a will to deter all war with the reality of anti-Soviet solidarity. We do not believe in Pershings; we believe in the perdurability of the security arrangement that has kept the peace since the Second World War. The United States has said again and again that it is prepared to bargain these missiles away, before they are in place or after they are in place. The cynical use of nuclear weapons for political purposes, then, is the other side's; it is they who court nuclear catastrophe out of geopolitical greed. Negotiate, anytime. Intimidate, never.

The Pentagon, it must be said, has met this test poorly. It prepares the Pershings, yes; but it makes the case for Pershings and not the case for NATO. The peace movement in Europe has demonstrated beyond a doubt that the case for NATO—the whole moral, political, and historical basis for this order among nations—must be presented again. It is a job for intellectuals and politicians, not for strategists and soldiers. It goes against the grain of a new generation's hypotheses about modern history. And the alliance is riven by political and economic rivalries within its ranks. Still, NATO's reason for being must be brought home. For the atrophy of the alliance will not make the world any safer. It will only make the North Atlantic part of the world even less happy.

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JACKSON JUMPS IN

"From the courthouse to the statehouse to the White House," cried Jesse Jackson, "our time has come." At least there is not much pretense in the vision of democratic politics that fuels Mr. Jackson's ambitions. It is a vision of a vast historic spoils system, and the blacks and others whom he counts in the coalition of the rejected and excluded are about to claim theirs. With this as promise and threat—and without much else—he can rouse audiences. So the press finally has someone among the lot of dreary Democratic aspirants whom it can call charismatic—as if the term coined to explain the impact on history of Jesus, Caesar, Mohammed, Cromwell, and other rare but comparably inspired individuals might somehow apply to a man whose oratory (those curious half-finished limericks) rouses without convincing, and whose great accomplishment thus far is to have mustered the resentments of the many in copping some Coca-Cola franchises for a few.

To what extent will Mr. Jackson impede Mr. Mondale's march to the nomination? Or help Senator Glenn edge closer to the front-runner? Or weaken Senator Cranston's and Mr. McGovern's hold on the party's leftmost fringe? Or maybe even alter the whole configuration by creating the impasse for which Senator Kennedy waits? These are the questions now being asked in Washington. To the "political community," in other words, the meaning of this black man's candidacy is measured mostly by what it will do to the hopes of the various white candidates. And that, in any case, no one can yet tell; the recent prognostications have the character more of wish fulfillment than of analysis. The political statisticians are also at work figuring out whether the Jackson candidacy will help or hinder whoever ultimately wins the Democratic nod to unseat the incumbent—a goal which, given this President's record, should not seem so distant as it appears today. That calculus, too, is hard to make. Mr. Jackson might help add to the rolls one or two million additional registrants inclined, by what Democrats give and what Republicans take away, to vote Democratic. But it is not clear how many other millions will be driven off by the commitments the party will have to make—with reference to quotas, for example—to get the newly registered to the polls come next November.

Since it is clear that Mr. Jackson won't be the Presidential nominee, his campaign—based as it is on the proffered notion that mobilizing hitherto unmobilized masses can put one of their own in the Oval Office—must necessarily be an exercise in false hopes. In interviews and meetings with editorial boards Mr. Jackson speaks of the educative value of his candidacy, of its usefulness as an instrument to help black candidates for local offices; but on the stump he speaks of victory. "Our time has come." But it hasn't.

It will be protested, correctly, that Mr. Jackson does rather better in the polls than, say, Senator Hollings or Mr. Askew; and no such objection is raised to them. But with all due respect to those gentlemen, the failure of their candidacies will dash no one's hopes. In any case, they are plausible candidates for Vice President. Mr. Jackson is not. Nor is he experienced in public life. His opponents are, without exception; no shadow, moreover, has been cast on their management of public funds. This is something that cannot be said for Mr. Jackson.

The Jackson campaign—its aims, its slogans, its cynical maneuvers about designating a woman for Vice President—is riddled with fakery, the kind of fakery that will disillusion and disillusion cruelly. The proposition that a woman might be Vice President need not be held hostage at this late date to the exploitatively futile candidacy of an anachronistically macho man. It may well be, tragically, that the country is unready to support a black (or a Jew) at the nation's helm, but the test of that readiness should not be the person of Jesse Jackson. Black people need not carry *that* burden. The results of the test would mislead, suggesting that such manifestly able political leaders as, for example, Charles Rangel or Tom Bradley—for whom we could without any embarrassment stretch and push the political system finally to fulfill its promise of color blindness—shouldn't try for higher office. Jesse Jackson will inevitably make his own success or failure an index of the nation's biases, and, in so doing, will seem to have shown that, alas, it can't be done.

Aware of this risk, and too well acquainted with Mr. Jackson to wish to commit the political future of their constituency into his hands, a good many scrupulously responsible black politicians urged him to forgo this heady enterprise. They know how narrow is the line between frustrated hopes and despair. Too often the country's racial minorities have been promised imminent redemption—only to have the expectation crushed in a fashion that has intensified and validated their experience of helplessness, depression, and social disintegration.

THE EXCRUCIATING CALCULUS of what constitutes reasonable hope and what will turn to bitter dejection is not one that will trouble many of the whites from whom Mr. Jackson will raise most of his money and for whom his candidacy provides a convenient outlet for expressions of alienation. Their self-esteem, individual and collective, is not at risk; even if he runs an ignominiously silly campaign and goes down to an ignominiously crushing defeat, their estimate of the security of their place in society will not be shaken. Most of the prospective black Jackson voters are not so fortunate.

Black politics, or rather interracial politics behind black and white politicians, is at a crossroads in America. Mr. Jackson would take his people and those many whites who feel normative common cause with them down a path that leads out of the national consensus. This consensus is fundamentally generous and conscientious, which is why Martin Luther King Jr. applied his genius to making Americans see how far the realities of our society were from its ideals. Mr. Jackson's instincts run the other way. It's not that he is critical of some of America's foreign

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entanglements. Why shouldn't he be, and who isn't? It is that he is in favor of the U.S. withdrawing from everywhere, because he sees American power as the source of so many of the world's ills. Possibly he gets such views from people like Jack O'Dell, who helped organize Mr. Jackson's Chicago group, the modestly titled People United to Save Humanity, and now serves as his PUSH-paid foreign policy adviser. The politics of Mr. O'Dell will not bear scrutiny. He has a long record of public identification with Stalinism, American-style, and he is one of several members of the intimate Jackson circle who are also leaders of the unabashedly pro-Soviet U.S. Peace Council. (See Ronald Radosh, "The 'Peace Council' and Peace," TNR, January 31, 1983.) Obviously Mr. Jackson is not a Communist or anything like one, but the presence of such people in key foreign policy roles in his entourage is evidence, at the very least, of very bad political and moral judgment.

It's understandable that frustration at the pace of black gains in America should have made many black politicians skeptical of the country's commitments to freedom abroad. What is neither understandable nor excusable is that some of them should put themselves in solidarity with enemies of democracy. Melvin A. King, Boston mayoral candidate and another member of the U.S. Peace Council, hypothesizes that given a choice between Ronald Reagan and Fidel Castro, he prefers Castro because of what he has done for the poor. How can one trust the democratic politics of politicians who pose such choices, and, having posed them, give such answers?

In its stupefying credulousness about the role and intentions of the authoritarian and totalitarian left in world affairs, the Jackson campaign—and Mr. Jackson himself—recall nothing so much as the Henry Wallace campaign of 1948. Given those who don't really want Mr. Jackson to win but will vote for him anyway, it also evokes the George Wallace campaigns of 1968 and 1972; Mr. Jackson's effort also offers voters a chance to "send them a message" (and the "them" is the same supposedly squishy liberal establishment). At least in its early stages, the Henry Wallace campaign attracted men and women of good will who were eager for peace; but it was run by people who were eager for America to be weak and the Soviet Union strong. There are already signs that many of those crafting the Jackson campaign are reflexively repelled by the whole idea of American power, and wholly agnostic about the consequences of Soviet power. Yet the fate of black Americans is tied to their country's every bit as much as that of other Americans.

Protest votes, especially in primaries, can be a perfectly responsible means of political expression; and we don't doubt there are many who will vote for Mr. Jackson in a constructive spirit. But there is about Mr. Jackson's candidacy, as about George Wallace's, a whiff of nihilism; and there is about it, as about Henry Wallace's, the habit of selective moral vision. Perhaps Mr. Jackson will miraculously transcend himself in the course of his campaign; but at its outset, that campaign is not worthy of the people it purports to represent and lead.

Hanging out in Grenada.

LOVEBOAT DIPLOMACY

St. George's, Grenada

ON ONE OF those bright, breezy Caribbean mornings a week after the American invasion, U.S. helicopters were still buzzing about above the harbor as I sat down on a wall outside the British High Commission office. I was waiting for the advertised opening hour of eight o'clock and musing about the slogan painted on the wall, THE REVOLUTION MUST BE RESPECTED, when a short, skinny youth with a small duffle bag slung over his shoulder sat on the wall beside me.

I started a conversation by asking him whether he approved of the invasion—a question I had already asked dozens of other Grenadians and had never been given anything but a very positive response.

"Oh yes," he replied. "Haven't you heard what they were singing in the ghetto before the Marines came in?"

And then he sang, calypso-style,

"When is Ronald Reagan comin'?
When is Reagan comin'?
If Ronald Reagan is comin',
Will he give me a visa?"

So I asked the youth, whose name is Peter James, if he was now trying to get to America. Yes, he replied, he would be asking the Americans for a visa, but first he was trying Britain because he had heard a rumor the British were handing out visas.

"But if you approve of the Americans coming, why don't you stay?" I suggested. "Surely the Americans will be investing."

Peter James furrowed his brow and looked at me disapprovingly. "Look, man," he said, "of course the Americans will invest, but if they invest $30 million they will want $100 million in profit for themselves. You know that. The money won't stay in Grenada."

Peter James, 22 years old, former insurance clerk, Coca-Cola bottling plant worker, and government Construction Ministry employee, now unemployed, is today counted among more than 90 percent of Grenadians who, according to a CBS poll, are happy to have had the Americans storm in. He is also among the majority of Grenadians who readily complain about the Cubans ("They didn't speak our language and they fucked our goats") and communism ("We didn't like having to attend these classes on Marx and Lenin") and the thugs who murdered Bishop ("We felt the killing wasn't going to stop there").

Yet he is also among the great majority of Grenadians I spoke to—the exceptions were a few nervous entrepreneurs—who have not had, and seemingly will not have, a bad word to say about their murdered leader, Maurice Bishop. ("He was the leader of our people, he was good to us, we liked him.") "Look, man," said Peter James again,

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"if you are nice to a Grenadian, he will love you quick, quick, quick. If you would like to be prime minister here, you could be if you are nice to us. Ronald Reagan has been nice to us. He could also be prime minister."

I do not mention my conversation with Peter James to suggest that the Grenadians' enthusiasm for Reagan's intervention has no real foundation. Clearly it does, but how does one explain both the support and mourning for Bishop—given the socialist state and the wooing of the Cubans that he stood for—and the fulsome welcome for Bishop's fiercest and most relentless critic, Ronald Reagan, all at the same time?

The Grenadians were obviously stunned by the sheer size of the invasion force—five thousand men, or one for every twenty Grenadians; the sky above permanently dotted with humming helicopters and screaming fighter-bombers; the roads clogged with soldiers and jeeps and trucks; and the new, Cuban-built, nine-thousand foot runway at Point Salines cluttered with huge C-130 transport planes. Prudence, if nothing else, suggested that the best way for members of the Grenadian armed forces to receive this behemoth was to lay down their arms and run—as many did. It was equally prudent for the local population to be enthusiastic in their responses to Americans' eager inquiries as to whether they approved of it all. But the enthusiasm must surely be seen against the historical backdrop of the British colonial years and what has been called the "cultural ambidextrousness" of Grenadians.

IN DAYS GONE BY, young Grenadians who aspired to enter the European-colonial kingdom of comfort and prosperity often did so by discarding any loyalty to color, creed, or class. As Patrick Emmanuel, a sociologist of the University of the West Indies observes, "They could portray the culture of the elite or of the mass as the circumstances warranted."

When Grenadians from the emergent middle classes succeeded, as the West Indian political scientist, C. L. R. James put it, in "crawling or worming their way into recognition by government or big business," they quickly saw how impotent they were. Most of them never did anything about it. But that was before independence and before Grenada's socialist revolution. Today Grenadians may dislike, or even despise, the sloganeering of the Bishop regime, but something of its spirit will remain. Peter James concedes he was tutored in his cynicism about the American profit motive by the Bishop years, as his forebears had learned to distrust any "benign" foreign intervention by quick reference to the colonial past.

Outside the capital of St. George's—in the luxuriant hills stuffed with nutmeg, cinnamon, bananas, papayas, and cocoa, or down by the coast—other opinions are heard. The Charleses, for example, are fishermen who work the fish-filled waters near Grand Mal in the southwestern tip of the island. They harbor no doubts at all about the invasion. "God Bless America!" they had cried in unison, "All of them [members of the Bishop government] was wicked!" It didn't matter that when the Marines came ashore on the beaches a few yards from their rickety wooden houses, the landing craft had fouled their nets. "America will pay," was the confident assertion of the patriarch, Julian Charles. And, no doubt, America will—especially if, when elections are held next year, the new government meets the requirements of Major Douglas Frey, of the Eighty-second Airborne Division. Speaking to journalists on the island, Frey said that the American troops had come to install a "suitable" administration.

Sitting on the wall in the sun, I was reading about one of Grenada's best known journalists, Theophilus Marryshow, who died in 1958, at the age of 71, after spending most of his adult life sparring with British colonialists. "The more I live," he once declared, "the less faith I have in what I call the white-collar man, the starch-front shirt man, but on the other hand I cherish an abiding faith in the barefooted people of the West Indies from whom I sprung."

It might have been good advice for Peter James, who was placing so much faith and hope in the British High Commission. I didn't like to dash his plan for settling in Britain, but there had been no news about the Thatcher government issuing visas. Nevertheless, when the nearby church clock struck eight, chiming like Big Ben, we went to the door of the mission, a squat little office no bigger than a dentist's surgery. It was closed—and when we went back an hour later it was still closed. Peter James decided to wait some more. I left him sitting on the wall, and hopped in a taxi for the Salines airport.

It had been quite a shock to find Britain so pitifully represented on the island. No wonder the Russians and the Cubans felt the place was up for grabs. Where were the fatuous but efficient colonial figures of yesteryear, with their white britches that never wrinkled and their old school ties that never creased, even under the tropical sun? As our party of journalists approached the infamous runway, a strange figure appeared on the tarmac. He was wearing a pale blue suit over a blue pinstriped shirt and sported, in his breast pocket, an overflowing silk handkerchief of the same pearl gray color as his shoes. He introduced himself as Antony Redfern Rushford, recently appointed legal adviser to the governor-general of Grenada, Sir Paul Scoon. "The situation is this," he began plummily, by way of explaining his presence and role. "At the top is the Queen—that is, the Queen in her capacity as Queen of Grenada, not Queen of England. Below her is Sir Paul Scoon, and then"—here he drew a big open box in midair and punched his fist through it—"there is a big, gaping void. That is where I come in." Antony Redfern Rushford paused, and then his face brightened. "And if you want any help after hours I'm not averse to a tipple."

God help Grenada, I thought as I walked into the boiling hot belly of the C-130, the British are back.

PETER PRINGLE

Peter Pringle is Washington correspondent of *The Observer*, the London Sunday newspaper.

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Casey's smart (and rich), but does he run a first-rate Agency?

TINKER, TINKER, TINKER, SPY

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

UNITED STATES intelligence apparently had an idea that the so-called Party of God, an Iranian-connected, Syrian-protected Shiite Moslem group that car-bombed the U.S. Embassy in Beirut last April, was planning an attack on U.S. Marines. But U.S. intelligence did not have agents inside the group and therefore could not warn with precision that it was planning the truck-bombing that killed more than 230 Marines on October 23. U.S. intelligence knew, too, that Cuba and the Soviet Union were militarizing Grenada, but again the United States had no intelligence agents on the island and underestimated Cuban troop strength. The U.S. had not penetrated Maurice Bishop's New Jewel Movement, and did not know that Bishop's colleagues were planning to oust and kill him. And when Prime Minister Eugenia Charles of Dominica reported to the White House press on October 25 that "we noted with great interest the movements between Soviet Embassies and known activists" prior to Bishop's assassination, it also was news to White House policymakers.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

On the other hand, the Central Intelligence Agency did predict correctly that the Soviet Union would not invade Poland in 1981, but would crack down through Polish authorities instead. Using its superb technical capabilities, U.S. intelligence was able to develop a precise analysis of how Korean Air Lines' Flight 007 was tracked by the Soviet Union, lost, found again, and shot down. And, several months before Leonid Brezhnev's death, the director of Central Intelligence, William Casey, reported to President Reagan that Brezhnev likely would not be succeeded by a collective leadership, as agency analysts had concluded. "Chernenko peaked too soon," Casey wrote Reagan in a memo. "Kirilenko faded in the stretch. Grishin is a dark horse, but if I had to bet money, I'd say Andropov on the nose, and Gorbachev across the board."

Casey's prescient memo, couched in its racetrack parlance, is likely to become part of C.I.A. legend, but according to well-informed critics of the agency, the deeper and more disturbing reality is that U.S. intelligence could not tell the President how and why former K.G.B. Chief Andropov had pushed past his rivals to take power, what his policies had been and were likely to be, and what that meant for the U.S.-Soviet rivalry. Similarly, when U.S. Brigadier General James L. Dozier was kidnapped by the Red Brigades in Italy, the C.I.A. dug hard to discover who had him and where; but U.S. officials say that in general, journalists like Claire Sterling have put together a better picture of international terrorist networks than the C.I.A. When Turkish gunman Mohammed Ali Agca shot the Pope, they say, the President found out more about Soviet and Bulgarian involvement from *Reader's Digest* than from U.S. intelligence.

The C.I.A. can't know everything, but the Republican Party correctly declared in its 1980 election platform that "the United States requires a realistic assessment of the threats it faces" and "must have the best intelligence capability in the world." The platform said, "Republicans pledge this for the United States." Three years into this Republican Administration, the United States certainly has a better intelligence capability than it did in 1980—it could hardly fail in that—but overall it is still far from the best in the world. Can William J. Casey make it so? Well, he gets credit for trying—even from his adversaries—but there's reason to doubt that he can.

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Actually, according to Congressional experts, U.S. intelligence is the world's best in two of the three broad categories of activity—so-called SIGINT (signal intelligence, including communications and electronics) and IMINT (imagery, including radar and photointelligence). Britain is probably runner-up in the first category, and the Soviet Union in the second. The United States does less well in the area called HUMINT (human intelligence, from spies to clerks clipping newspapers). "Maybe we're in the top ten," one expert says. "I honestly don't know who's ahead of us. Certainly Israel, the Soviets, the Poles. Britain has a small capability, but an excellent one. Some services may be so good we don't even know it."

THE U.S. FAILURE to be tops at spying grows partly out of our national character. "We're good at gadgets," a Congressional expert said. "We can collect overhead without being intrusive. We're a technological society and we incorporate new technology quickly. The Soviets get most of their ideas from us. They steal it. They copy what we do right down to the Texas Instruments identification numbers. We are an open people, we don't steal, we don't read other people's mail." As a result, U.S. intelligence "can read the numbers on a license plate from one hundred miles up, but we don't know what the guy inside the car is thinking and we don't have somebody in the car pool working for us. We aren't good at languages and we don't study history either."

Even in the heyday of U.S. intelligence, before "the troubles" of the 1970s, the American capacity for HUMINT probably did not rank among the world's top three. But the 1970s inflicted injury from which the C.I.A. has yet to recover. Congressional committees, notably the Senate Select Committee headed by Frank Church, uncovered plenty of wrongdoing—foreign assassination plots, mail-openings, and infiltration of domestic organizations—but incorrectly singled out the C.I.A. as the principal instigator of such activities, sparing the (principally Democratic) Presidents who were actually responsible. The committees rarely inquired into the quality of the C.I.A.'s intelligence product; some critics say they still don't. Jimmy Carter included Richard Nixon, Watergate, and the C.I.A. in one litany of lamentation during the 1976 campaign and, once elected President, sent Admiral Stansfield Turner out to purify the agency of its capacity for dirty tricks.

Turner depleted the C.I.A.'s clandestine services not only of personnel—espionage agents as well as paramilitary operators—but of their morale, too. In the famous "Halloween massacre" of 1977, Turner sent terse messages to several hundred officers of the Directorate of Operations, informing them of his intent to terminate their careers. Over a two-year period, 805 positions were eliminated, most by attrition, but more than 200 by the departure of people—including many able senior and mid-level agents—who otherwise would have stayed. Iran, Nicaragua, and Afghanistan opened President Carter's eyes to the need for secret intelligence and covert operations. He created a special Pentagon intelligence agency to deal with Iran, initiated covert activities against the Sandinistas (political ones, though, not paramilitary), and began shipping clandestine arms to Afghan rebels to use against Soviet troops. In his last two years in office, Carter also reversed a downward trend in the budget of the intelligence agencies, though not enough to make up for a 40 percent funding reduction over the course of the decade, or a 50 percent reduction in personnel.

"Casey was fortunate in being appointed director when he was," a Congressional source says. "He came in at the agency's lowest point, so he gets credit for any improvement." Whether Casey should have been appointed at all is still a matter of disagreement among intelligence experts. Most of his harshest Democratic critics say he should not have been, but that he has done better in the job than they expected. Some conservative Republicans were glad when he got the job, but now are disappointed that he hasn't done more to shake up the agency's stodgy, self-protective bureaucracy. The almost universal opinion is that Casey's directorship has been a mix of pluses and minuses.

THE FIRST THING to be said about Casey is that he is smart—"one shrewd son of a bitch," is the way one Congressional Democrat put it. "He mumbles, he grumbles, you can't understand what he says half the time," one agency subordinate said, "but if you are making a case to him, he's miles ahead of you in grasping the implications and raising the right questions." A fellow member of the President's cabinet says he is one of the few top Reagan foreign policy officials who really knows and cares about foreign policy issues. He has a rich background in government service—starting, at age 32, with the running of secret U.S. intelligence operations in Europe for the Office of Strategic Services, the forerunner of the C.I.A., in World War II. Casey, now 70, has been chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs, president of the Export-Import Bank, and a member of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board.

Casey is worth $10 million, owns an estate on Long Island and a fancy townhouse off Foxhall Road in Washington, was a partner in a Wall Street law firm, and plays golf at exclusive country clubs. Nevertheless he is not in the Ivy League-Brahmin tradition of C.I.A. directors like Allen Dulles and Richard Helms. Even his friends call him "an Irish street pug." He worked his way through Fordham and St. Johns Law School and had already made some money writing lawyers' desk manuals when he joined the Navy and then angled his way into the O.S.S. through a friend in General William "Wild Bill" Donovan's law firm.

After the war, Casey gave some advice on how to set up the C.I.A.—and went back to making money. He anticipated the postwar boom in suburbia and invested in Long Island real estate. He had been fascinated by radio during

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the war, and, with Lowell Thomas, put money into Capital Cities Communications, an FM pioneer. He continued writing lawyers' manuals and how-to investment books which still net him $300,000 a year in royalties. He was a partner in the law firm headed by former Republican National Chairman Leonard Hall, and he invested, a friend says, "in lots of small companies starting out in innovative areas, some of which grew up and some not."

Casey made his money, but over the years he got himself into several legal scrapes which still affect people's judgment of his character. He once was convicted of plagiarism (apparently a research assistant did some unauthorized lifting). He served as legal counsel to a waste-disposal company linked in public records and court testimony to organized crime. He co-founded an agribusiness company with a person identified by the Justice Department as a Gulf Coast mob figure. He was accused of fraud in two court cases involving the failure of other companies he helped start, and in 1974 the prosecutors of former Attorney General John Mitchell accused him of forgetting crucial events and contradicting his own grand jury testimony. His failure to report fully to Congress on his debts, financial holdings, and law clients very nearly cost him his C.I.A. directorship in 1982, and he only recently put his investments into a blind trust, after being hounded by the press and Congress.

"He's a guy who takes chances," said one of his admirers. "He's a risk-taker in all the best senses of the word, a venture capitalist, an entrepreneur." But one of his critics says, "He lacks character. He has skirted or crossed the line of what's moral—and maybe even legal—most of his adult life. He's shady. If I made a business deal with him, I'd want everything in writing. When you put this together with his brains and his views, which are those of an old-fashioned cold warrior, I'd say he's a potent force for manipulation, the perfect instrument for a President who wants to politicize the agency." One of his best friends, a fellow Administration foreign policy official, says, "I'm glad he's on our side."

Casey's political background is another source of pluses and minuses. As chairman of the S.E.C. under Richard Nixon, he shipped reams of potentially embarrassing documents involving the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation to the Justice Department in order to keep them away from Congressional Democrats in an election year. On the other hand, he flew in the face of a specific Nixon campaign pledge and decontrolled Wall Street broker fees to save money for investors. Casey lost his memory at John Mitchell's trial over a meeting involving fugitive tycoon Robert Vesco's legal troubles, but it also was Casey who told the S.E.C.'s Enforcement Division to go after Vesco with all it had.

Casey was Ronald Reagan's 1980 campaign manager, a position rewarded in former times with an appointment as Postmaster General, not director of Central Intelligence. Casey's appointment seemed especially inappropriate at a

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time when the C.I.A. was just barely recovering from controversy, suspicion, and internal demoralization. Members of Congress and outside experts thought the post should go to a professional, Admiral Bobby Inman, former director of the nation's code-breaking National Security Agency.

On the other hand, being campaign manager meant that Casey was close to the President. He became the first intelligence chief ever to be a member of the cabinet and therefore to operate as a peer with the Secretaries of State and Defense. The budget increases Casey has won for his domain are even bigger percentage-wise than the Pentagon's, and agency associates say that Casey's experience gives him a broader range of interests than a professional intelligence officer might have, allowing him to identify new issues—technology transfer and subversion are two Casey favorites—that transcend the usual intelligence preoccupation with missile-counting and troop strengths.

DESPITE his political experience, though, Casey has bombed with Congress, and this affects the C.I.A.'s ability to carry out its programs, especially the so-called "secret war" against Nicaragua. "Part of it is his personal habits," says one Congressional source. "He mumbles a lot, so much so that the House Intelligence Committee installed a special microphone in its little chamber to be able to hear him. Sometimes he daydreams when he's in a session with more than one witness, or he'll engage one Senator in private conversation while another one is trying to ask him a formal question. He's an older man, a self-made man, and someone who doesn't suffer fools gladly. He seems aggravated with Congress." Another Congressional source complained that getting information out of Casey "is like pulling wisdom teeth from an elephant." Yet another alleges that "he puts a political spin on what comes out to justify Administration policy. It's not lying. He respects the integrity of the agency work product. But in his presentations he argues a case. He doesn't just give the facts. Also, while he's smart, he doesn't give us any rich historical or geopolitical analysis of what's going on. He's no Kissinger, no Bobby Inman."

Casey also is accused—mostly by Democrats, but by some Republicans, too—of being excessively preoccupied with covert activities, to the detriment of the agency's primary functions of intelligence collection and analysis. "Casey worked for the O.S.S. at a time of turmoil in Europe," said a Republican. "In wartime and in the postwar political crisis, covert action produced some obvious results. But in today's world the time he spends on it doesn't merit the marginal results the country gets from it. I'm not against the manipulation of events, but it's almost impossible to keep them secret in this society, and the fuss that's caused when they leak make them not worth the potential benefits to be gained if they succeed."

The most controversial of U.S. covert operations obviously is the Nicaragua war, which officials say did not start as a U.S. activity at all and which they hint is not entirely under U.S. control even now. It certainly is no longer. It started, officials say, with Honduras and Argentina assisting anti-Sandinista rebels in 1981. When the United States backed Britain in the Falklands war, Argentina pulled out, and Honduras and the *contras* came to the United States for help. Officials say that the decision to grant it was far from Casey's alone. "It was everybody's—Casey's, Clark's, Enders's, Jeane Kirkpatrick's, Weinberger's, Reagan's. It was everybody's except Al Haig's." The then Secretary of State reportedly wanted to confront Cuba—militarily, if necessary—as the way to stop subversion in Central America. One official said, "He thought covert action against Nicaragua was too small to succeed and too big to hide. He was terrified that the Administration would be cut up by Congress and would have to abandon the people who were taking all the risks," much as the United States abandoned Kurdish rebels during Haig's service under Richard Nixon. President Reagan decided against Haig and went covert against Nicaragua instead.

Though Congress refuses to believe it, a well-placed official said, "The purpose of what we're doing was never to overthrow the Sandinistas, but to make them quit spreading revolution outside their borders. The *contras* may want to win, but they can't. They don't have the manpower and we haven't given them the equipment." According to this source, it was not the C.I.A.'s idea to have the rebels attack economic targets in Nicaragua such as oil tanks and Managua's airport, but the rebels' own. "When you unleash forces of violence and your people are not integrated into those forces, you do have a command and control problem," this official said. C.I.A. sources say that the United States has nowhere near the five hundred C.I.A. agents tending various rebel operations that some press accounts have reported. "Three percent of that"—that would be fifteen people—"would be more like it," a high ranking official said, supporting the case that the C.I.A. cannot completely control the *contras*.

PARTLY BECAUSE OF Casey's problems with Congress—but only partly—the House has voted twice to cut off funds for the Nicaragua war and to authorize an overt effort to cordon off Nicaragua and block arms flows to Communist guerrillas in neighboring countries. The Administration fought this alternative, sponsored by Representatives Edward Boland and Clement Zablocki, by producing evidence that a "Boland line" around Nicaragua would cost $300 million in its first year and $100 million thereafter and might take up to ten thousand troops to guard and maintain, perhaps even more than the "McNamara line" once proposed for Vietnam. Significantly, the highly partisan House Intelligence Committee has never disputed C.I.A. findings that Nicaragua is shipping large quantities of arms into El Salvador and has even praised the quality of the agency's evidence. But it has disputed the efficacy and morality of the covert war and only last month voted to halt it.

The Administration is trying to salvage the operation through a House-Senate compromise, but to what purpose is not clear. Some Administration officials and Con-

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gressional sources suggest that the United States just might wind down its assistance to the *contras*. "Some of the money in this year's budget request is to prepare for a work-down, if we decide to cut a deal with Nicaragua," one official said. "The operation has worked. Nicaragua has not quit exporting arms, but it has a lot less time and energy to devote to foreign insurgent groups. It says it wants to negotiate." It seems unlikely that the United States would cut off anti-Communist rebel groups completely as a result of negotiations with Nicaragua, but a significant reduction in support "has been thought of," an intelligence official said.

THE EXTENT of other U.S. covert operations is hard to gauge, especially nonparamilitary activities such as aid to friendly political groups and clandestine planting of propaganda. *Newsweek* claimed in a recent article that the number of "major" covert operations had gone from two or three per year during the Carter Administration to seven or eight under Reagan, and it listed new or enlarged paramilitary operations as taking place in Afghanistan, Iran, Chad, Ethiopia, Cambodia, the Sudan, and Angola. Casey and Senate Intelligence Chairman Barry Goldwater complained loudly about the article, asserting it contained thirty major inaccuracies—though they cited only one specific: aid to rebels in Angola, which is illegal under the 1976 Clark Amendment. On the other hand, a member of one Congressional oversight committee said he read the article and found "only some details in error."

Casey contends it's "false" to say that the Reagan Administration considers covert activities "routine," but one Democratic member of Congress said, "They certainly don't consider them extreme or extraordinary. I can't quantify this, but there certainly has been a substantial increase in covert activities over the Carter Administration, which has all members of the intelligence committee concerned. They are not merely active, they are activist." The assertion of significant increases over Carter's covert record is disputed by some agency officials and Congressional Republicans, but some of them acknowledge this is because Congress often intervenes to block Casey suggestions. "Casey is a gambler," one official said. "He plays the stock market. He likes to take risks. But when he gambles now, the agency loses and the country loses if he's wrong. So the Congressional committees shoot down a lot of his ideas. He sends more down to us in an envelope than his predecessor did for sure—not double, but more."

However much Casey overemphasizes covert activities, his admirers say he has done important things to improve the C.I.A.'s morale, analytical capabilities, and manpower. "The first priority for any director in this era," said one Congressional overseer, "had to be to re-establish the feeling among intelligence professionals that theirs was an important profession valued by the top people in government and that the days of introversion, self-criticism, and outside badgering are over." This Casey seems to have

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done, although early on he undermined his own morale-boosting by getting into deep personal trouble with Congress and by appointing his friend and fellow financial buccaneer, Max Hugel, a man without intelligence experience, to the delicate job of Deputy Director of Operations or "spymaster." Hugel was dumped—and Casey nearly went with him—after two convicted crooks mysteriously surfaced to accuse Hugel of business improprieties and to raise questions about Casey's judgment in hiring him.

Some agency critics think the Hugel affair looks suspiciously like an inside job—an effort by C.I.A. professionals to expel an outsider. That theory may be the product of paranoia, but many conservatives in and out of the Reagan Administration do think that Casey has been co-opted by agency professionals and that he should be reorganizing and pushing his people to perform better, rather than restoring things to pre-1970s business-as-usual. The conservatives complain that the people Casey has installed in key C.I.A. jobs—John McMahon as Deputy Director, Robert Gates as Chief of Intelligence (or analysis), and John Stein as Director of Operations—are all career professionals who prospered under the Carter Administration. Some of the conservatives agree that Hugel's appointment was a mistake—as Casey does, too—but they despair that almost every Casey effort to bring in new blood has failed. Constantine Menges, a hard-line specialist on Latin America, has left to join the National Security Council staff. Harry Rowen, formerly of the Rand Corporation, has left as head of the director's independent National Intelligence Council. He has been replaced by Gates, head of the same analysis shop that the N.I.C. was created to audit. Only Herbert Meyer, Casey's former special assistant, remains at the N.I.C. as one of Gates's two vice chairmen. One hard-line conservative said, "I thought Stansfield Turner was a bad director, but Turner was a director. Casey is not bad, but he's not directing. You have to understand the C.I.A. as a gentleman's club. Casey always wanted to join, and now he has."

THERE IS A STRONG case to be made that after all the buffeting of the 1970s, the C.I.A. needs a period of peace during which to operate professionally, without conservative ideologues shaking up the place as liberal ideologues formerly did. Yet, according to a well-placed Administration official, two government-wide surveys conducted under Carter and Reagan have shown that key consumers of C.I.A. analyses found them of little use in making policy. Even Bobby Inman, the professional's professional, said in an interview in *U.S. News and World Report* that "if you leave it to its own devices the intelligence community will write scholarly tomes that can fill your walls. The political leader has to be pretty critical of what he reads; otherwise C.I.A. reports will become longer, more abstract, more academic, and thus will have little value." Other old pros say that C.I.A. analysts "just couldn't believe that Khrushchev could be putting missiles into Cuba because it didn't fit the pattern they'd worked out for him." It was C.I.A. Director John McCone, on his honeymoon in Europe, no less, who overrode the analysts to argue that the missiles were there.

Casey has moved to improve the intelligence product, make it more relevant to the needs of top officials, and step up output. The number of National Intelligence Estimates—lengthy, bottom-line studies of important areas of interest—is back up to its 1950s level of fifty or more per year. In the early 1970s it had fallen to thirty-five and in the late '70s to eleven or twelve. Within the intelligence directorate, he has set up special think-tanks on terrorism and instability and on technology transfers to the East bloc. The first both keeps close watch on potentially unstable countries—the Philippines, Zaire, Pakistan, Egypt, and Mexico among them—and is developing a super-sophisticated computer system to track terrorist groups and even predict their potential moves. The second center tries to analyze what technology the Soviet bloc seems to be after and how it might try to get it. C.I.A. officials say that the upswing in the number of expulsions of Soviet diplomats from Western countries is partially a product of U.S. warnings about technological espionage.

EVEN FRIENDS of Casey's say, however, that beyond technology he has not done enough to give the United States a first-class counterintelligence capacity, and has not changed the agency's personnel practice of regarding time spent learning languages as unimportant. "Specialization gets you nowhere," one consumer said. "The Soviets will have somebody spend his whole career studying Ruritania, speaking its language, reading its press, knowing everything about its politicians and labor leaders. We regard such a person as a crank, a grind. We value generalists, well-rounded guys, but the result is that most of our station chiefs around the world can't speak the local language."

Another Reagan official says that the problem is even deeper. "In the 1950s and 1960s, the C.I.A. was a can-do outfit. Maybe it did the wrong things, but today there is no more bureaucratic outfit in town than the C.I.A. It tells policymakers what *it* knows, not what they need to know to make decisions. The needs of the President and other consumers don't drive collection and analysis, or the budget. The program managers do. This would be a problem whether Reagan or Walter Mondale was the President. Casey probably would like to change it, and he has made some improvements, but they've been marginal at best."

This official is in a hurry and fails to realize how long and difficult it is to rebuild a first-class intelligence service. But the fact is, the United States needs such a service and doesn't have one yet. "The proof was in *The New York Times* today," a Congressional source said recently. "MAJOR QUESTIONS RAISED ON C.I.A.'S PERFORMANCE, it said. When it counted, in Beirut and Grenada, the information was not there. After all the terrific expense and pretensions, the intelligence establishment doesn't provide it and when it doesn't, people die. This isn't conservative and it isn't liberal. It's just the way it is."

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And now, the Organization of Debt-Exporting Countries.

FROM OPEC TO ODEC

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

ACCORDING TO Hitchcock, when you are pursued through dark alleys and sinister corridors and finally make it to the safety of your room, you lean up against the door as you close it quietly behind you, sigh in relief, and turn on the light. Then comes the voice ("I thought you'd never get here") from the man sitting comfortably behind your desk and pointing a gun at your face.

Escape From OPEC, the top grossing story of the '70s, has been a slower paced and less thrilling adventure, but it has the same ironic climax. On the tenth anniversary of the first OPEC offensive, as the West pats itself on the back and heaves a sigh of relief that the oil crisis is over, it finds itself looking down the barrel of an even deadlier threat: the debt crisis. The story now being told of the last decade is how inflation, recession, and energy efficiency paid the oil bill. The story that hasn't been told, because cameras have an easier time covering gas lines than bank boardrooms, is how a huge part of the bill was never paid; it was mortgaged. Now the debt has matured. The real story of the last decade is how one nightmare was transformed, piece by piece, into another: OPEC into ODEC,the Organization of Debt Exporting Countries, a club that as yet dares not speak its name, but whose desperation and potential for disruption threaten to bring down the world financial system.

The oil bill of the '70s was paid in four ways. The first two, and the ones we remember best, were forms of economic pain. You can't drain more than $1 trillion out of Western economies without inflicting some. First came inflation—a generalized tax, largely hidden, fairly equitable, and popular with politicians because it lets them hide behind nominally increasing incomes. But after the second oil shock of 1979-80, when inflation reached 20 percent, the U.S. government applied the monetary brakes and precipitated the deepest world economic contraction since the Great Depression. The second shock was paid off principally by workers in the form of unemployment.

A third way the bill was handled, the one we celebrate, was through ingenuity. Western industry achieved in a decade an astonishing 31 percent increase in energy efficiency which hugely reduced demand (OPEC has had to cut production in half in the last four years) and then price. This mode of payment carried with it a largely hidden cost: an inevitable, though temporary, loss of productivity (felt most deeply in the highly mechanized "smokestack" industries), since energy-fueled machinery is inherently more productive than human labor.

And that seemed to do it. The oil crisis was solved. Even the recent heat-up of the Iran-Iraq war, which threatens to close the Strait of Hormuz, through which eight million barrels of oil pass each day, has sent barely a ripple through the spot oil market. Four years ago, when the Iranian revolution shut off Iran's oil production (at the time, about six million barrels a day), oil prices tripled.

Now, just when we thought it was safe to return to our economic house, we find a small time bomb waiting for us. It's called the debt crisis. To hear talk of it, one would imagine that it was created ex nihilo by malevolent bankers or gerry-built by a committee of Latin American finance ministers. In fact, it is principally a little gift from OPEC. It is the last remaining—and best-disguised—installment on the enormous excise tax OPEC imposed on the rest of the world over the last ten years. The problem with this part of the tax is that it was never really paid. The oil bill was handled one final way: debt, third world debt.

The oil-poor countries of the third world had to pay a total of $350 billion for their imported oil in the decade after 1973. They didn't have it, so they borrowed it. The banks were eager to lend the money. They were awash with huge petrodollar deposits and dizzy with the wisdom that you couldn't lose on a "sovereign risk" loan. They fell over themselves lending to anybody with a flag and a U.N. seat. Debt of the non-OPEC third world countries (call them ODEC, debt exporters) increased by $480 billion in that decade. (The calculation is made by William Cline in his excellent study *International Debt and the Stability of the World Economy*.) Some of that money went to consumer subsidies, some to real development projects; most was forked over to oil producers. They reinvested back in the banks, which could then lend it again to hapless ODEC, this time to pay interest on the original loans.

It looks like three-card monte. Bankers call it "recycling." Recycling was the magic which produced a neat solution to two problems: OPEC's inability to spend its export earnings (a skill now mastered—by 1982 OPEC's annual current account balance was near zero); and ODEC's inability to pay for its imports. It couldn't last, and it didn't.

Things began to unravel after the second oil shock of 1979-80. Western governments checked inflation by throwing the world economy into recession. One effect

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was that third world debtors found the traditional markets for their exports depressed, and thus did not have the earnings to pay the interest on their debts. At the same time, Western countries adopted tight money policies also to restrain inflation. That made interest rates on new loans higher than that of the old loans ODEC was trying to pay off. The debt burden increased, now at higher rates. And as inflation dropped, debtor countries could no longer pay off their loans in cheap, soft dollars. The dollar hardened, real interest rates reached historic highs, and exports plummeted: the big third world debtors began experiencing what the experts call disruptions of debt servicing. Around two-thirds of ODEC debt is now experiencing "disruption." Two years ago $2.6 billion of debt was formally rescheduled. This year it will reach $90 billion.

THE CATASTROPHE was coming into sight. As long as the debtor countries can borrow enough new funds to pay back interest on their old loans, the recycling merry-go-round can continue to spin. But as soon as large debtors begin to stumble and declare themselves unable to keep up with interest payments, recycling threatens to slow down and stop. Creditors get worried. Some, the least exposed, stop throwing good money after bad. Debtors can't get enough new loans to service old ones. If nothing is done, the debtors default. And then what?

It's the old adage: if you owe the bank a thousand dollars and can't pay, it's your problem; if you owe the banks $300 billion (which is what ODEC owes) and can't pay, the banks are in trouble. They are in trouble. Consider that the largest U.S. bank, Citibank, has a capital of $6 billion, and the largest nine U.S. banks together have a capital of about $28 billion. Citibank's loans just to Brazil amount to 75 percent of Citibank's capital. The nine banks alone have lent ODEC countries $64 billion, or more than twice their total net worth. A simple moratorium of, say, one year's interest and principal payments from Latin American debtors would not only wipe out all the profits of the big banks, it would devour much of their capital. With a huge loss of capital, they would have to reduce lending greatly (they lend at a ratio of about 20 to 1 against capital). Loans dry up, the debtors can't borrow, the merry-go-round stops. And if just Brazil, Mexico, and Argentina decided to repudiate their debts altogether, the nine largest U.S. banks would be wiped out.

There is good reason to want to see the banks go under, if only for their stupidity and greed. If OPEC had had to lend its third world brothers the $350 billion they needed to pay for oil, the debt problem would be OPEC's, and what it couldn't collect would be written off as extortion money never paid. But of course OPEC wouldn't lend to such poor risks. So the banks did, taking OPEC's money (much of it deposited short-term), lending it (much of it long-term) to third world countries, and taking a handsome spread for themselves. Now they've discovered that the loans are unrepayable. And their problem is that when Kuwait makes a withdrawal, the banks have to pay; when the banks recall a loan or demand interest payments, Brazil can call a rescheduling conference.

Another reason to wish the banks ill is their, shall we say, insouciance. Donald Platten, chairman and chief executive officer of Chemical Bank since 1973, was recently asked, "Do you believe you might have erred in thrusting Chemical more deeply into the international arena?" Answer: "Not at all. New York is a port city whose influence ranges throughout the world. A bank like ours must be a big player in international banking if we want to have import in line with our size." Import, mind you. Question: "But don't you think that the banks might have gone too far in foreign lending?" Answer: "I have never worried that the international banking system would collapse as a result of the current problems. It's too unacceptable to allow that to happen." The unpleasant fact for those who would like to requisition Platten's house, limo, and shirt as part payment on the billions of his depositors' money he lent abroad and will never see again, is that he's right. It can't be allowed to happen.

Why? Because if the merry-go-round stops, the debtors default, and the banks collapse—no one is quite sure what combination of hyperinflation and contraction would result from frantic attempts of central banks to make up the losses (by printing money). All we know for sure is that governments could not just stand by and watch as lending ceased, trade ground to a halt, and the world economy settled into a depression. It's not a pretty picture, and the banks know it. That's why they remain serene.

GOVERNMENTS, on the other hand, are getting nervous. Rather than face the prospect of massive reconstruction in the case of collapse, they are acting now. The central banks, the International Monetary Fund, and other public agencies are pumping money to keep the loans alive. Mexico got through one crisis last year thanks to a rescue operation engineered by the U.S. Treasury. Brazil will get through next year with an $11 billion I.M.F. package. Dozens more debtors are lined up at the I.M.F. window for relief.

Just about everyone is unhappy with this arrangement. The political right is enraged at the idea of giving away taxpayers' money to ingrates who vote against us in the U.N. The irony is that the I.M.F. is probably the most effective neocolonialist instrument the modern world has yet devised. When it lends to a country, it imposes strict conditions: austerity, import restrictions, cuts in subsidies for food and other staples, etc. Then it supervises the borrower government to make sure its conditions are met. That kind of control used to be enforced by Gurkhas. What used to be Whitehall's work is now carried out by international bureaucrats who like to trade stories (in private) about the debtor countries they "run."

The banks are upset, too, because the I.M.F. won't let them off the hook. It keeps them lending in situations they are now trying to escape. It is genteelly called "involuntary lending": the I.M.F. says that it will not lend a penny more to, say, Brazil unless the banks match the I.M.F. loan with new loans of their own. (It's the interna-

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tional equivalent of matching grants at a PBS fundraiser.)

Western banks and governments are equally unhappy about sending new loans abroad to pay for old ones, but what is the alternative? A general collapse would engulf Western economies. But even the contained default of an individual debtor country poses great risks. The extreme hardship that would result could lead to civil strife and political radicalization—and the biggest borrowers are in Latin America. That's why the Reagan Administration is trying to get Congress to approve an $8.7 billion increase in the U.S. contribution to the I.M.F.

It might turn out to be throwing good money after bad, but there is little choice. The hope is that as the industrial countries come out of the recession, they will begin importing more from the third world, and thus stimulate third world exports and earnings; and as interest rates decline and third world economies rebound from the current world recession (historically their recovery lags behind that of the industral countries), the debt burden will stabilize at tolerable levels.

WESTERN INTEREST lies in muddling through and hoping. The rub is with the debtor countries. They have less reason to hope, and even more reason to be unhappy with muddling through. Overwhelmed by the burden of debt service and chafing under stringent I.M.F. "conditionality," they are rapidly developing the economic and political incentives to default. The purely economic incentive for default classically comes into play at the point where interest payments exceed net borrowing. As long as a country can borrow more than it pays out in interest, it has an economic incentive to continue the relationship. That was the case for the last decade. For example, in 1975 non-oil developing countries received three times as much in borrowing as they paid out in interest. In 1982, however, for the first time interest payments exceeded borrowing. ODEC paid out $59 billion in interest and could cover it with only $57 billion of new loans.

And I.M.F. conditions for these new loans have added political incentive to repudiate the debt burden. In Argentina, the official who negotiated an I.M.F. loan agreement in New York was arrested (for jeopardizing the sovereignty of the nation) upon his return home. In Brazil, where the I.M.F. required that the government reduce wage indexing from more than 100 percent of inflation to 80 percent, the popular governor of the state of Rio de Janeiro, Leonel Brizola, declared that "the demands of the I.M.F. are a provocation to the Brazilian people," and called for a ten-year moratorium on interest payments. The I.M.F. has a worse name than the C.I.A. Graffiti has appeared in Brazil demanding "I.M.F. Out," and the leader of the general strike in São Paolo blamed "the whole problem" in Brazil on "the foreign debt and the impositions of the I.M.F."

So why not default? Because Brazil and Argentina and other debtors know what's happened to the economies of the only two countries to have repudiated their debt in the last twenty-five years, Cuba and North Korea. If you repudiate the debt you give up access to future capital. Without access even to short-term capital, international trade becomes exceedingly difficult since you have to pay for imports right away and you won't be paid for exports for months after they are delivered. You also run the risk of economic reprisals that go beyond denial of capital: seizure of assets, embargoes, and the like.

BUT THERE IS a way out. What if all the debtor countries got together and repudiated their debts collectively? Why not a debtor's cartel, a true Organization of Debt Exporting Countries? That hasn't happened yet because the larger, healthier debtors do not want to jeopardize their current credit ratings by issuing threats that associate them with their poorer ODEC brothers. But as the situation of the better off and larger debtors progressively worsens, the temptation will grow.

The first rumbles are already being heard. The Organization of American States convened a meeting in September to discuss the "external financing" problem "in the face of the extreme gravity of the liquidity crisis confronting the developing countries in the region." The O.A.S. Executive Secretary for Economic and Social Affairs declared that "the special conference has not been convoked in order to discuss the formation of a 'Debtors Club,' collective negotiations, or other proposals of this type." An interesting denial. He was calling instead for reasonable people to reason together reasonably.

With an unspoken threat to help things along. Would a threat of general default by a true ODEC be taken seriously? Isn't it suicidal? Yes, but it is mutual suicide. And like all threats to bring on mutual suicide (brandishing, say, nuclear or oil weapons), its purpose is not to bring on the apocalypse, but to establish a relationship of equality between two otherwise unequal adversaries. An ODEC ultimatum would be designed to concentrate Western minds on the wisdom of easing the debt burden. It would undoubtedly be accompanied by calls for reasoned negotiations for softened terms, trade concessions, and other ways to shift more of the burden to the creditor countries.

For years under the banner of the New World Economic Order the third world has been demanding a redistribution of the world's wealth, a demand the West has scorned. The irony is that while the third world was complaining about Western stinginess, private lenders were quietly executing the greatest transfer of resources from rich to poor nations in history. The question now is: How much will have to be returned?

The point of an ODEC is to alter the terms of those negotiations by bringing a tire iron to the table. The model is OPEC. While N.W.E.O. advocates pleaded impotently for Western attention, OPEC showed the world how to get it. Indeed, OPEC's success inspired the heady demands for a N.W.E.O., but not every poor country could find oil. It has now found a fairly good substitute. Through the magic of recycling, oil has been turned to paper—and the tire iron has been passed from OPEC to the poorest victims of its past success.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Late Fall Roundup

Testament
(Paramount)

Heart Like a Wheel
(20th Century Fox)

Richard Pryor Here and Now
(Columbia)

Deal of the Century
(Warner Bros.)

Testament. Lynne Littman is a capable director and, obviously, a decent woman. For ten years she has been making documentaries, and now she applies her skills to fiction, in a feature built on fact, about the results of nuclear attack. With her screenwriter, John Sacret Young, Littman has projected what would happen in a northern California town if there were a nuclear explosion nearby. (The source of the attack is left unclear: it might be, we hear, China or the Soviet Union or a South American radical group.) All that we ever see of the attack is a huge yellow flash early in the film; the town itself is not physically damaged. *Testament* chronicles the breakdown of the town's life and the effects of radiation.

The focus is on a mother and her three children, the oldest of whom is thirteen. The father of the family had gone to San Francisco on the morning of the attack, had been trapped there and, presumably, killed. The mother is frightened but brave, as are the children. Around them the rhythms and routines of the town life falter as people fall and resources dwindle. The most telling of the metamorphoses is the family's growing acceptance of inevitable death. The very numbing of fear is the most moving element in the film.

The dialogue makes a determined effort to stay clear of plastic TV strophes, and generally succeeds. The choice of family is a bit bothersome. As with *E.T.* and other films about anomaly in American life, this picture takes place in a home that is well above median income. What will happen to people below that level in time of crisis? And some of the technical breakdown seems managed: for instance, electric power fails early, yet water continues to run in faucets and toilets. But Littman directs her film handily, and Jane Alexander, an intelligent if not compelling actress, is staunch as the mother.

The big question left by the film is: Why was it made? No one except a maniac is in favor of nuclear war, and no maniac is likely to see this film. The implication of *Testament* is that people have not faced the results of such a war. I don't think this is widely true. Whatever one's stand on the question of nuclear arms, from increase of weaponry to unilateral disarmament, no sane person thinks that victory is possible or that the results of nuclear use would be any less grim than *Testament* shows. All along the spectrum of debate, every person thinks his or her approach is the best way to *prevent* nuclear war. The pressing nuclear questions are strategic and political, not, as *Testament* implies, humane.

Heart Like a Wheel. Jonathan Kaplan directed and was co-author of *White Line Fever* (TNR, September 27, 1975), a picture about an independent trucker in the Southwest which dramatized authentically one kind of American working-class life. Now Kaplan and his co-author Ken Friedman have made a film on the true story of Shirley Muldowney, a champion racing driver.

The attraction of the story was, of course, that Muldowney was the first woman to become a racing champion; the film makes the most of the inevitable obstacles she overcame without "masculinizing" herself. Kaplan is an exceptionally deft director—in his control of movement, his evocation of atmosphere (we can smell the grease and motors), and his guidance of actors. In the leading role Bonnie Bedelia is perfect. She not only convinces completely, she conveys social qualities: the recently risen proletarian and the newly risen woman who refuses to be denied either the exercise of her abilities or her womanhood. Bedelia has just the right mixture of charm, grit, and vulnerability. Leo Rossi, as her husband, is appropriately clumsy though affectionate; Beau Bridges, as her errant lover, is getting dangerously blubber-faced but can still make his puppy quality work for him. A word, too, for the crisp cinematography of Tak Fujimoto, whom I haven't been aware of since Malick's *Badlands* back in 1973.

The trouble with *Heart Like a Wheel* is that, after we recognize its verity, it joins the huge gang of racing-car pictures. The fact that the hero is a heroine doesn't compensate for all the inescapable repetitions, not just from the *Grand Prix* type but also from the *Hard Charger* type, from the international races to the hot-rodders. *White Line Fever* was not on a brand-new subject (I'm not arguing that novelty is essential), but its approach was fresh enough to break from previous trucking films and become immediate. Perhaps, through long usage, auto racing has become such a trussed-up film subject that no racing film, true or not, egalitarian or not, can quite escape generic closure.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Danton. Gerard Depardieu fiercely fine. The French Revolution too snugly tailored to symbolize Poland today, but it's Andrzej Wajda's best directing.

Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential. The coast of Wales, 1962. Girl student spends a summer as hotel waitress and grows up. Slender but entirely pleasant.

Passion. Godard, still anarchically—also comically—exploring cinematic possibility. Nominally about the making of a TV film, really about the inside of Godard's head.

The Right Stuff. Smoothly done history of Chuck Yeager and of the Mercury Astronauts. Unsettling to see how close their lives come to film lore—and how they sense it.

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Richard Pryor Here and Now. Another film record of a Pryor performance—this one before a wildly zealous crowd in a huge New Orleans theater—kept alive and progressive by his gift for treating the performance itself as an experience on which he comments in order to create the performance. His language is more thickly raunchy than ever; his old-man bit is as underwhelming as ever; and he includes a long, straight pantomime of a heroin addict taking a shot that doesn't fit the film. Is it meant to be cautionary? Or just marvelously accurate? Or (I hope not, despite some giggles from the crowd) funny? It's a gap in the fabric.

But Pryor is uniquely valuable. He is the equivalent, in stand-up comedy, of a confessional poet: rendering his life, including his recent abandonment of drugs and liquor, as material. Pryor is sometimes compared with Lenny Bruce. I never saw Bruce in person—I haven't seen Pryor either, but a film record is now much more permissive than in Bruce's time—still, as far as I can judge, Pryor seems less consciously daring than Bruce, more of a natural outlaw.

Deal of the Century. Last week I cited *The New York Times* front-page story of September 10 that promised us five Hollywood films this fall with "political statements"; and I commented on three of them. Here's the fourth, heralded as a black comedy but, in proof, a blank comedy.

The subject is arms manufacture and sales, an apt enough subject for satire, but Paul Brickman's script is so disjointed, leaden, strained, and recurrently trite that it makes the use of arms for jokes seem obscene, instead of topically incisive. Brickman never found a base for his satire, and his figurative feet keep slipping in a grotesque shuffle. William Friedkin, whose ability peaked with *The Exorcist* and then lost no time in declining, directs here as if he had given up trying to halt the decline.

Chevy Chase, himself more of an operator than a comedian, plays an arms salesman who gets involved in a Latin American deal that involves his small company with a huge company back home. His sole partner is Gregory Hines, the by-now obligatory black sidekick whose character is no more clearly defined than the plot. Sigourney Weaver, who is apparently being groomed to be Jane Fonda's successor,

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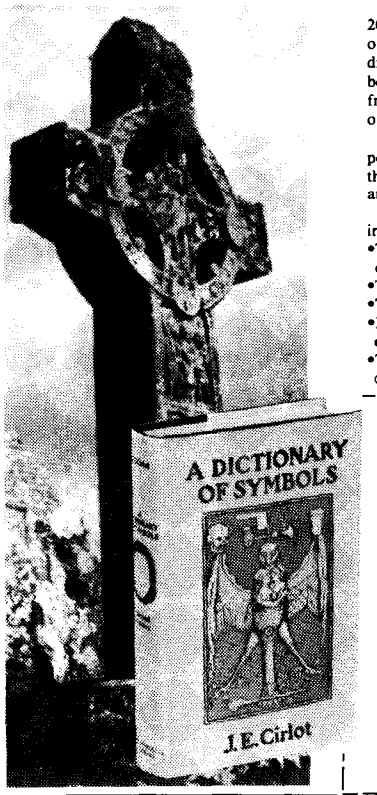

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is used so cheaply that, in time, she may want to buy one of the picture's missiles to destroy all surviving prints.

Friedkin is quoted in that *Times* story as saying, "Almost every incident depicted in the film is true." It's hard to believe; truth is more ironically funny than this film.

Addendum. Reviewing *Under Fire* last week, one of the *Times* quintet, I should have mentioned that Ed Harris, who is Glenn in *The Right Stuff*, plays a completely amoral mercenary soldier, machine-gunning for any side that hires him just as a ball player hits for any team that gives him a contract. I lost sight of Harris in my disgust with the heavy-breathing feebleness of the film's political décor and the triteness of its plot. Harris's role is peripheral, but it's the most vivid of the picture.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

The ANT and the Dragon

The Broadway theater season, a sluggish dragon, has not yet lumbered to its arthritic feet; off-Broadway is spewing out damp squibs; the Beaumont gryphon remains sleeping in its lair. The whole benighted zoo is quiet. Considering the consequent inactivity of culture journalists and the unexpected availability of feature pages, it is not surprising to see another fantastical stage creature crawling from its heap, the ANT (American National Theater). In the same week, Roger Stevens and Donald Seawell unveiled a $5 million plan for creating the ANT in Washington and Joseph Papp outlined a $10 million plan for founding it in New York. Although Papp's money has yet to be printed, Stevens and Seawell have managed to accumulate some of theirs through the sale of the ANTA theater on Fifty-second Street. An early version of the ANT, ANTA is an acronym for American National Theater and Academy, a now moribund institution which, though created with federal approval in the 1930s, never amounted to much more than a letterhead and a building. The fate of ANTA, and the origin of its would-be successor, raise suspicions that the idea of an American National Theater is intimately linked, if not totally identified, with the history of American real estate.

Mr. Stevens, who began his career as a real estate tycoon before becoming a Broadway producer and proprietor of the Kennedy Center, announces the formation of an American National Theater periodically (most recently, in January 1979), while Mr. Papp outlines his plans for an all-star resident theater company whenever business is slow at the Public. The timing of these dispatches, and the unskeptical way they continue to be reported in the press without mention of the fate or frequency of previous such announcements, suggests that, in addition to belonging to the history of real estate, the American National Theater is rapidly becoming a chapter in the history of publicity. Perhaps it is time for some examination of the whole overpublicized, underinvestigated concept.

It is typical of our nation, and its passion for instant culture, to assume that a national theater will come into being through a press conference. If we take a moment to look at countries which support such exalted institutions, it is obvious they have not developed overnight. The Comedie Française, for example, began life as a seventeenth-century acting company touring the provinces under the leadership of Molière; it later played Paris alongside rival companies, and did not achieve national theater status until the twentieth century, after it had already become fossilized. As for the British National Theatre, it is a very recent outgrowth of a company formed in the early part of the century which took its name from a dilapidated theater first built in 1818 called the Old Vic; this company was granted neither national status nor state architecture until it had established a glorious record of achievement under Olivier and Richardson, linked to a rigorous training program under Michel St. Denis. Like their gardens, in other words, European national theaters usually took centuries to grow.

It is debatable, moreover, whether national theaters are possible or even desirable in countries of great size and diversity. Where is China's national theater, for example, or those of India, Australia, or Canada? The Soviet Union supports theater companies in virtually all of its major population centers, but not even such cherished institutions as the Moscow Art or Leningrad Gorki Theaters could claim national status without insulting the culture of other cities and disenfranchising other ethnic groups. The United States is even more diverse in its ethnic and racial makeup than the U.S.S.R. How could a single American theater hope to speak for audiences which include blacks, Hispanics, Jews, WASPS, Irish, Italians, Poles, Hungarians, Orientals, women, and gays, to name but a few of our countless special interest enclaves, and still maintain an artistic identity of its own? I have often deplored the balkanization of American culture, its failure to develop a unified heritage in the face of so many fragmented, conflicting demands. Because of its community nature, theater has an important role to play in any process of unification, but it is foolish to think we can have a single national theater until we have become a homogeneous nation.

AS A MATTER of fact, the United States does have a national theater at present, but it exists in no one institution. It is a compound of the numerous nonprofit resident theaters scattered throughout the land which, over the past two decades (at least), have been offering a great variety of theatrical fare to a great variety of audiences. The press often calls these theaters "regional," an unfortunate and vaguely condescending misnomer resented by members of the movement since it suggests a provincialism alien to what, after all, are highly sophisticated organisms (the same press, paradoxically, praises these theaters for producing risky new works which New York's nonregional theaters are often afraid to touch). But there is one sense in which resident theaters *are* "regional," for in addition to their national responsibility to develop new plays and production techniques for the American theater at large, they also discharge a local obligation, in addressing, both through season programs and affiliate activities, the

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problems of the surrounding community. In trying to identify the nature and needs of their audiences, such theaters recognize that the stage is not simply an isolated activity self-enclosed within a proscenium and a curtain, but also a continuing dialogue between artists and their neighbors. The content of this dialogue is not always congenial conversation, nor does it usually generate consoling, reinforcing dramatic material. Rather, it has been the responsibility of these institutions to stretch, challenge, even provoke their audiences out of a conviction that, aside from providing art and entertainment, theater in a community has a dynamic social, educational, even evangelical role.

At least one such theater, the Arena Stage, already exists in Mr. Stevens's hometown, where for over three decades Zelda Fichandler has been offering new and classical plays to a faithful and appreciative audience. Unlike the Kennedy Center, which houses in its sumptuous halls productions on their way to or from New York, the Arena has tried to be a theater for the city of Washington, on the assumption that what's good for the capital can sometimes also be good for the nation. I find it ironic that the Kennedy Center, a well-endowed building with no history of originating work with a company, has declared itself *the* national theater, while the Arena, a permanent institution with a considerably more distinguished record, continues to be considered "regional."

Mr. Stevens is a shrewd and effective Broadway producer with better than average taste, a good reputation among his colleagues, influence in Congress, and access to wealth. If he wants to start a repertory company and hire a competent artistic director to run it, more power to him. It would be a better use of the Kennedy Center than its customary showcase glitter. On the other hand, to call this phantom company the American National Theater is to confer upon it premature status and prestige before anyone has staged a play or even signed a contract. As for Mr. Papp, he at least has past experience with resident companies (he formed one every summer during the early years of Shakespeare in the Park), and he has the confidence of some of the best actors, directors, and playwrights in the theater. A major repertory company under his direction could be a genuine contribution to the culture of a city

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that for years has failed to support one, and it would certainly be more of an artistic challenge for Papp than trying to put together another *Chorus Line*. Still, few know better than the pragmatic Joseph Papp how difficult it is to build a such a company in New York, and it will take a lot of concentration, persistence, and selflessness to get such a difficult project under way.

At all events, if such a company ever materializes, and he has been promising us one for years, I hope Mr. Papp will have the good sense not to nationalize it until he has established its stability and clarified its function; this will take at least a decade. Perhaps we should call a moratorium on all discussions of an American National Theater, even at the risk of leaving our theater leaders speechless and our reporters without copy. It is a media illusion with no basis in reality aside from money and real estate, and we have the Beaumont as proof that these materials alone do not produce ANTs. The ANT usually starts to crawl when the dragon is lying helpless on the ground. But the two creatures are more alike in nature than would first appear, and equally distant from the process of organic dramatic art.

The tragicomedy of Soviet propaganda.

THE TROUBLE WITH TRUTH

BY VLADIMIR VOINOVICH

AROUND fifteen years ago my wife and I were on our way back to Moscow from the Black Sea. Somewhere near Armavir, I think, we came upon a wide and, by Soviet standards, fairly good road, linking Pyatigorsk and Rostov-on-Don. There were no signposts where the road we were on joined this one, so we turned in the direction that seemed to us to be right and drove off, assuming that we would reach the nearest signpost and at best continue in the same direction, at worst be obliged to turn around. The road was absolutely deserted. There were very few cars going in the opposite direction, and it seemed there was nobody going our way except us. But we weren't worried. The main thing was to get to the nearest signpost. That had to be it up there.

We had sighted a big billboard a long way off. But when we got nearer, we saw that it was a huge picture of Lenin, looking like a kindly old man with modest red bows on the lapel of his jacket and in his cap. Resting his partly clenched palm on his cap, Vladimir Ilyich winked tenderly and voiced his approval of the direction we were taking: YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT ROAD, COMRADES! was written in big letters under the picture. If Comrade Lenin had really pronounced these words at some point, he probably meant the people's general route toward communism, but on a billboard they acquired a more concrete significance.

Needless to say, we couldn't be satisfied in the circumstances with a message from the leader of the world proletariat; we would have liked more detailed information. But there was nothing to be done about it, and we went on farther. Still the same deserted road, with no houses, gas stations, signposts, without even the usual (also meaningless) plywood billboards on which the local collective farms announce how much milk or how many eggs they're going to hand over to the state in the current five-year plan. Only the portraits of Lenin, with the same grin and the same words—YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT ROAD, COMRADES—appeared at the side of the road with irritating regularity. We'd gone about sixty miles when we finally overtook some tractor and found out from the driver that we were, of course, on the right road but going in the wrong direction. We turned around and drove back and saw once more the portraits of Lenin appearing, drawing closer, and disappearing, with the same words, YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT ROAD . . . (although, logically, we should have expected the inscription YOU'RE ON THE WRONG ROAD, COMRADES).

Thinking about Soviet propaganda, I'm reminded of that road and those numberless portraits with the meaningless words.

IT'S DIFFICULT, perhaps impossible, to compare Soviet propaganda with American or Western propaganda in general, because Soviet propaganda is the fundamental product of the Soviet system, its production significantly exceeding that of agriculture, or light, heavy, and even military industry. Obviously it is principally the propaganda organs of the Communist Party, the Komsomol, and the Committee for State Security (K.G.B.) that are involved in producing propaganda. And every newspaper and magazine, all of television, radio, cinema, all the theaters, writers', artists', and composers' unions, and even the official church. But apart from all these organizations, every factory, collective farm, hospital, construction authority, and military unit, without exception, is involved in the production of propaganda, too. Every director, administrator, manager, chairman, or military chief has to make sure that the territory under his supervision has the necessary quantity of portraits of Lenin and current members of the Politburo of the Communist Party Central Committee (and if one of them's dismissed from his job, his picture better disappear quickly, and forever), banners carrying meaningless slogans (like THE PEOPLE AND THE PARTY ARE ONE), a wall newspaper containing anything you feel like (the important thing is to have one), a board of honor with pictures of so-called production shockworkers (in order to become a shockworker you not only have to work hard but also be an active manufacturer, or at the very least a consumer, of propaganda), as well as all kinds of posters with appeals, quotations from Brezhnev's speeches, figures, and percentages promising overfulfilled production plans. These numbers, which have no relation to reality, are posted everywhere. I've even seen a pledge to use leftover materials at the dentist's office.

Hanging on the wall of any post of-

Vladimir Voinovich is the author of *Pretender to the Throne* and *The Life and Strange Adventures of Private Ivan Chinkin*, both published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. This essay was translated by Tamara Glenny.

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fice, starting with the main office in Moscow right down to the local post office in the depths of the country, is a poster with this quotation of Lenin's: "Without the mail and telegraph, socialism is an empty phrase." On the pediment of the Moscow House of Unions and in the office of the lowliest local committee chairman is the same poster with a different quotation from the same source: "Trade unions are the school for communism" (it would be interesting to know if this utterance applies to Poland's Solidarity); over the roofs of every power station shine Lenin's words "Communism is Soviet power plus the electrification of the whole country." (Applying the laws of arithmetic, some wits figure that communism minus Soviet power equals electrification, and communism minus electrification equals Soviet power.)

Every director, big or little, knows that in the event of a serious checkup on his operation he can be forgiven for nonfulfillment of quotas, drunkenness, theft, absenteeism, and corruption on the part of his subordinates or himself, but never for any slip-ups with all those portraits, posters, slogans, quotations, and numbers.

Every Soviet citizen is a consumer of propaganda, beginning at the day-care center or kindergarten, when he first becomes a member of a collective. (These slogans, posters, portraits, and wall newspapers hang even in nursery schools.) Depending on age, social position, educational level, and whether or not he is a Party member, everyone receives propaganda in the form the authorities consider most accessible to his comprehension. Whatever their future specialty, students study Marxism-Leninism and the history of the Soviet Communist Party, which changes all the time according to propaganda's changing requirements. Workers, peasants, and soldiers have to attend political study groups or circles, in which they once discussed Stalin's biography and now review those proclaimed literary masterpieces, "the publications of Comrade Brezhnev." Officially these study groups are voluntary and unpaid, but every Soviet citizen knows that attending them, or being absent from them, affects your situation in life very directly, whether it's expressed in business trips, the distribution of productivity rewards, apartments, trips to vacation homes, or imported chickens on holidays.

Those happy days for Soviet propaganda are long gone when the majority of the people responded to every contradictory demand from the party, built factories in Siberia or "defended freedom" in Spain with enthusiasm, rapturously waved flags and portraits of their leaders at parades, went crazy if they got the chance to see Lenin, Trotsky, or Stalin even from a long way off, pinned red ribbons to their chests and gave their children "revolutionary" names like Vladlen (*Vlad*imir *Len*in), Melor (*M*arx, *E*ngels, *L*enin, *O*ctober

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Revolution), Kim (Communist Youth International, in Russian *K*ommunisticheskii *I*nternatsional *M*olodyozhi), or "simply" Industria. People still go to the parades and wave flags and portraits, but they're ready to throw them out as soon as somebody lets them. It would never cross the mind of even an enthusiast today to call his son Lebrezh (*Le*onid *Brezh*nev) or his daughter Prodproga (*Prod*uction *Prog*ram).

It's all quite different now. Nowadays the young (and not so young) Soviet citizen pronounces not revolutionary slogans, but the names of Western firms, with heartfelt excitement. The words "Chesterfield," "Panasonic," or "Aston Martin" speak much louder to his heart than "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Foreign clothing is preferred not only for its quality. The value of a pair of jeans rises sharply if there's a visible label on the back pocket with an inscription such as "Mustang" or "Lee," and falls just as sharply if there's no such label. Shirts bearing the words "Coca-Cola" or "I love New York" are highly fashionable. If you don't have the money or the opportunity to obtain a real foreign-made shirt, you can buy a fake (the same words on a shirt of Soviet manufacture). But try selling any shirt, however good its quality, bearing in Cyrillic characters the words "I love Moscow" (or any other town in the Soviet Union). You won't get a penny for it.

PEOPLE GO for anything Western. Whiskey and Pepsi-Cola arouse greater lust than vodka and kvas. It's impossible to get into a concert by any American singer with no voice, or into any American art exhibit without interest. This is very disturbing to Soviet propaganda, but all its fulminations against worshiping things foreign elicit the opposite reaction to that desired. They say it doesn't mean anything. They say that admirers of jazz, jeans, and Coca-Cola will defend their own values (which?) in the event of a serious crisis. But I think that some will and some won't. I once witnessed a conversation among workmen on a construction site. One workman, in the presence of a couple of dozen others, said: "If the Americans attack I'm not going to fight. I'll give myself up right away. I've got nothing to defend." I was astonished by his frankness and certainty, but I was even more astonished when nobody even attempted to object. (Time was when this could not have happened.) Somebody asked: "Would you fight against the Chinese?" "I wouldn't fight against the Chinese either," the first man said promptly. "What do I care which bureaucrats rip me off, mine or the Chinese?"

JUDGING BY the decorations with which the work of the greatest leaders of the Soviet state was recognized, we can say without hesitation that each succeeding statesman was at least twice as good as his predecessor. Lenin was the holder of some order or other, Stalin was a Hero of the Soviet Union, Khrushchev was a Hero twice over, and Brezhnev four times. If one assesses the work of these men according to their achievements in the struggle *against* communism rather than for it, the correlation between decorations becomes quite fair. Under Lenin what was called scientific communism was an ideology that possessed the minds of the masses. Stalin, who introduced collectivization, industrialization, and gulagization, worked hard to undermine the belief in an ideology, but with very modest success. Khrushchev achieved more, with his exposure of Stalin's crimes, but a belief in communism was still alive even under him. Apparently it wasn't as easy as it looked to completely destroy that crazy dream. Only the four-time Hero of the Soviet Union and his comrades-in-arms managed to do it.

In 1964 they removed Khrushchev from power and sent him into retirement with the scornful sentence "in connection with his advanced age." (By today's standards Khrushchev was still a young man, "only" 70 years old.) Soviet society was still more or less alive and developing. The Party had total control of this development. There were still a sufficient number of people who retained their belief in Communist ideals. But even among those who didn't share these beliefs there were many (probably even the majority, I think) who were loyal to the regime, counting on the gradual improvement of the internal political climate and the relaxation of things in general. Millions of victims of Stalinist terror came back from the camps. Society was gradually being freed from its oppressive fear. Of course things were far from being anything like a democracy, but society's revival found healthy expression in art and scholarship, and through them in economics. There were no serious reasons to destroy this more or less normal and controlled development.

But the Brezhnev regime came to the conclusion that "the people had gotten out of hand," that discipline had to be tightened up and the Party's authority increased. In other words, order had to be established on Stalinist lines. They began, as is customary, with literature. The new leaders declared civil war on Soviet society with the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel. A grandiose anti-Soviet show began, and it has continued until the present day (all the other political trials, the persecution of dissidents, the invasions of Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan, are only different acts in the same show). In all these years the Soviet leadership has never once tried to answer a single serious question seriously, has never tried to enter into a dialogue with its critics or allies, and has greeted every attempt to improve real socialism and give its face a human expression in the most hostile way.

THE "great and majestic" twenty-year program for the Communist Party, or program for building communism, was launched at the end of the Khrushchev reign with colossal propaganda and hoopla. Khrushchev revealed himself to be a worthy pupil of that hero of Eastern epic literature, Hadji Nasreddin. In his time Nasreddin promised the shah that he would teach an ass to talk in twenty years. In his turn the shah said that if the promise wasn't kept, he would order that Nasreddin's head be cut off. When they asked Nasreddin how he could consent to such conditions, he replied that there was nothing to worry about. In twenty years either the shah, the ass, or he himself, would die.

The twenty years went by. The ass didn't start talking. Khrushchev died. Now a new Nasreddin launched a ten-year Production Program. The time span was half as long, but the goal was immeasurably puny. There was no more talk of heavenly abundance; merely that seventy-five years after the Great Revolution, people had to get fed somehow or other. Instead, in the meantime, the Production Program gave birth to a flood of anecdotes. According to one of them, the most popular dish in Soviet restaurants now is a choice slice of the Production Program.

Over the years of its existence Soviet

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propaganda has completely exhausted the reserves of belief among its consumers. Through persistent lying and unscrupulousness it has achieved a staggering effect: Soviet man is attracted by everything it rejects and repelled by everything it extols. This applies to every area of culture and general politics. For instance, if the Soviet press praises some writer or other, he will of course be published, but he's unlikely to be read. In their time Zoshchenko, Akhmatova, Pasternak, and Solzhenitsyn became vastly more popular after Soviet propaganda subjected them to crushing criticism, while Vasily Grossman, who thoroughly deserves a place alongside them, is little known to anyone only because they suffocated him quietly, without any sensational propaganda.

Every day Soviet newspapers, radio, and television rain abuse on the United States, painting its unemployment, racial discrimination, crime, and pauperization in the blackest possible colors. But the result of this propaganda is that huge numbers of Soviet people think that there are no serious problems in America at all; they believe that money grows on trees there, that one can do nothing and yet live there in luxurious conditions, gambling in casinos and riding in Cadillacs. For this reason some émigrés, when they encounter the real rather than the imagined life, are disappointed in America and curse Soviet propaganda for, as it were, disorienting them. It's like the joke that goes: a Jew on a train asks another Jew where he's going. "To Zhmerinka," says the latter. "Why are you fooling me?" says his fellow traveler. "You say you're going to Zhmerinka so I'll think you're going to Zhitomir, when you really are going to Zhmerinka."

SOVIET Communist propaganda, having lost its points of reference, has gradually merged with anti-Communist propaganda and anti-Soviet propaganda. For example, anti-Soviet propaganda maintains that since the day it was founded the Soviet state has been ruled only by criminals. Soviet propaganda maintains almost the same thing. Dozens of high-up statesmen, from Trotsky to Khrushchev, have been declared and are considered to this day to be enemies of the people, agents of imperialism and foreign secret services, at best antiparty fractionalists and voluntarists. According to official propa-

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ganda, in the entire history of the Soviet ship of state only two worthy leaders have ever stood at its helm: Lenin and Brezhnev. (It isn't difficult to predict that this short list will soon be cut by half.)

Both anti-Soviet and Soviet propaganda maintain that there is not, and can never be, such a thing as socialism with a human face. Every suggestion by Western futurologists about the possible evolution of the Soviet system is received by Soviet propaganda with extreme hostility. It maintains that there is not and never can be any such evolution. (This assertion is both unscientific, since evolution is an objective factor that is always moving on in one direction or the other; and anti-Communist, because how has communism itself come, if not because of evolution?) The efforts of Western Communists to save the "scientific world view" from total collapse are met with even greater hostility. The Soviet press has attacked sharply anyone who has launched such efforts—Carrillo and Berlinguer, for example; the dissemination of these statesmen's speeches is punished no less severely than the dissemination of *Gulag Archipelago*. But who cares about Berlinguer and Carrillo? The dissemination of particular articles by Marx, Engels, and Lenin can lead to great unpleasantness.

In time, even the most important Soviet propaganda material inevitably becomes anti-Soviet material, which one is forbidden even to mention, let alone disseminate. Among the forbidden are not only the books, articles, and speeches of such "enemies of the people" as Trotsky or Bukharin, not only those of their destroyer Stalin or of Stalin's unmasker Khrushchev, but even some publications of Comrade Brezhnev himself in which he extolled Comrades Stalin and Khrushchev. Every Soviet newspaper and magazine in time becomes anti-Soviet, because it is packed with names, pictures, and speeches of people whom the Party wouldn't like to remember today—full of their promises, which no one is about to fulfill. Needless to say, today's newspapers, with their pictures and long speeches of today's leaders, will also become forbidden objects.

I will end with one eloquent example: in Sverdlovsk in 1971, a group of workers was arrested and charged with anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda. They were disseminating the "great" and "majestic"—now hushed up but never rescinded since it was announced ten years earlier—PROGRAM OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE SOVIET UNION.

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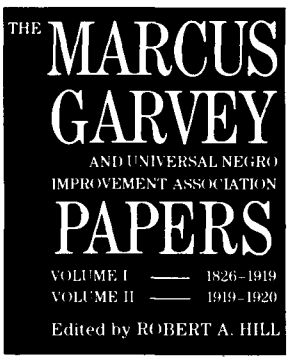

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OUR FLAILING FIST

Eagle Defiant: United States Foreign Policy in the 1980s edited by Kenneth A. Oye, Robert J. Lieber, and Donald Rothchild

(Little, Brown, 404 pp., $17.95)

Does the Reagan Administration have a foreign policy? The authors of this book say yes, and their collaborative effort is a useful exercise in definition and indictment. Since the contributors are of like mind on the issues posed, the volume has more internal unity than most such collections. The result is a coherent and closely argued analysis covering developments through the end of 1982 with a couple of forays into the early months of 1983.

There is always a risk in assessment *in medias res*, and the long lead time required these days for book publication compounds the risk in a field so fast moving and unpredictable as foreign affairs. This volume does not, for example, anticipate the implications, now dismally upon us, of sending Marines to Lebanon. It opines prematurely that "in El Salvador . . . the possibility of United States direct military intervention has for all practical (and rhetorical) purposes been eliminated as a policy option" and discerns, alas incorrectly, a slackening in C.I.A. covert action against Nicaragua. It only gets the Falkland Islands in by the skin of the teeth. Still, *Eagle Defiant* generally succeeds in its gamble of coming out late enough to identify the main lines of Reagan's world strategy and early enough to contribute to the foreign policy debate (and presumably, in the hopes of most of the writers, to the rejection of Reaganism in 1984).

The editors published a review of the Carter foreign policy in 1979 under the title *Eagle Entangled*. The contrast in titles concisely sums up the theme of the sequel. Where the Carter Administration, and indeed the Ford and Nixon Administrations before, had tried to adapt foreign policy to the growing limitations on American economic and military power, the Reagan Administration, the new book contends, aims to restore the United States to a position of economic and military primacy. The Reaganites blame the decay in America's international position not on inexorable developments in the world but on mistaken policies in Washington. The 1970s strategy of acquiescence in the international diffusion of power was itself, in the Reaganite view, a major cause of the deterioration in American

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global influence. The Reaganite purpose is to reverse the decay by a crusade of psychological, military, and economic renewal, based on patriotic pride in American achievement and virtue, on increased defense spending, on the magic of the marketplace, and on the intensification of political, economic, and military pressures against the Soviet Union.

This is a persuasive description of the Reaganite mood. But is the restoration of American primacy really a policy, or is it much more than a state of mind? One doubts that foreign policy, even today, is Mr. Reagan's main concern. It is evident that he regards his sacred mission as the redemption of the United States at home. His consuming objective is to reverse the malign direction of the national life, to shrink the role of the national government, and to turn over our problems to the deregulated private market.

INDEED, it is rather to Mr. Reagan's credit that, on the whole, he has maintained the domestic priority against the temptations of foreign policy. Domestic affairs are filled with argument and frustration. Congress is sure it knows quite as much about domestic issues as any President does and is always ready to defy Presidents in the name of constituents. That is why Presidents so often succumb to the comparative ease and glamour of foreign affairs. Here Congress is more likely to defer to the supposedly superior knowledge and authority of the executive. Here trips abroad and meetings with foreign potentates sustain the exhilarating illusion of high statesmanship.

Mr. Reagan has general but clear notions about his domestic program; but when events compel him to consider the world outside, he has an ideological reflex rather than a policy. Nor has he succeeded in surrounding himself with people capable of turning ideology into program. Can anyone remember a time when four men less knowledgeable about foreign affairs than Mr. Reagan, Judge Clark, Secretary Shultz (international economic relations excepted), and Secretary Weinberger have decided our international destiny? The gap between ideology and action can be considerable in the real world; and the result in the Reagan case is a foreign policy record quite as incoherent in its way as the Carter record was before it.

The contributors to *Eagle Defiant* are ten political scientists and two economists. One wishes that the editors had included a historian or two. Political scientists and economists are professionally conditioned to find reason and pattern in what historians are more likely to regard as improvisation, ignorance, incompetence, and accident. A refresher course in a diplomatic historian like A. J. P. Taylor would have improved the book. For the authors write as if our leaders have a plan when most of the time they are flailing blindly in the night.

The orderly arrangement of the volume has the effect of implying similar order in the policy. After Part I, "Overview," Part II deals with "functional problems"—defense, economics, energy—and Part III with "regional problems." What is notably lacking, and what historians would have insisted upon, is a Part IV on, say, "political and institutional problems."

For one cannot understand the Reagan foreign policy without addressing another range of questions: the struggle within the executive branch for control over foreign policy; the treatment of the Foreign Service; the impact of the C.I.A. (which amazingly receives only four index references, three *en passant* in a chapter on public opinion polls and the fourth in connection with estimates of Soviet military spending; no reference at all for William Casey); the role of Congress; the interventions of foreign-policy lobbies and think-tanks. Such a Part IV would have given foreign policy a realistic setting in the domestic tug-of-war that has vitally shaped the Reagan adventures in the world. The book would have had more depth, too, if the nationalist diplomacy of Reaganism had been discussed in a longer historical perspective.

STILL, within the limits of a perhaps excessively rationalistic interpretation, the authors have done a valuable job in setting forth the main events and analyzing the outcomes. While assuming too often that our masters know what they are doing, the authors at the same time cogently expose the contradictions and ambiguities in their various declarations and explanations. And they take relish in summarizing the ironies—that the attempt to tighten the net around the Soviet Union has only frightened our allies and galvanized our adversaries; that the effort to restore American primacy in Central

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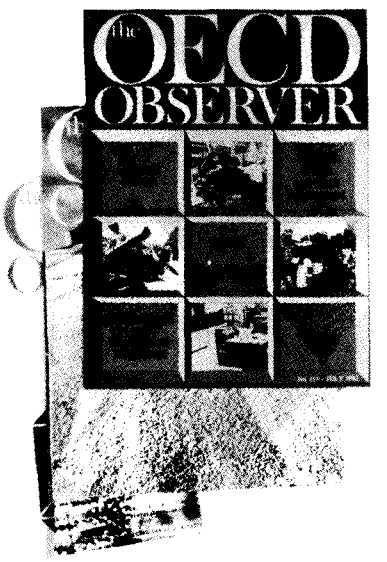

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America has raised anti-American feelings to a new pitch of intensity; that the stridency of the plan to rebuild American military power has given new impetus to the arms race and magnified the world's fear of nuclear holocaust.

Professor Oye's conclusion seems irreproachable:

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ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR.

Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. is Albert Schweitzer Professor of the Humanities at the City University of New York. His latest book is *Robert Kennedy and His Times* (Houghton Mifflin).

SO YOU WANT TO START A WAR . . .

Conventional Deterrence by John J. Mearsheimer

(Cornell University Press, 296 pp., $29.50)

For the past three decades the study of contemporary strategy has been synonymous with the study of nuclear strategy. The frightful destructiveness of nuclear weapons and the relative ease with which the major powers could inflict them on each other created a situation so novel and so dangerous that it required constant attention and new forms of analysis. The great military and political issues surrounded these weapons and attracted civilians with diverse specialities to strategic studies. There was no such fascination, however, with conventional strategy. It had been diminished by the apparent irrelevance of traditional warfare in the face of the almighty atom, and it required a grasp of tactics and logistics of a sort difficult to develop outside of military service, as well as a knowledge of a great range of equipment. Nuclear strategy, with its few basic types of weapons, presented an endless series of intriguing paradoxes to be explored within a confined framework. Conventional strategy offered an endless series of complicated encounters within an open-ended framework.

Recently things have begun to change. Conventional strategy is coming back into fashion. This is largely because of a decline in nuclear strategy. The effort to divine uses for nuclear weapons which can be turned to political advantage has floundered. It is now widely held, in a succession of official and unofficial studies, that the integrity of Western military doctrine requires a boost in the conventional sphere. Moreover, academics, previously somewhat daunted by the complexity and terminology of conventional strategy, are discovering that it is really quite interesting. This is, after all, the sort of strategy that must be put into practice; this is where theories will have to be tested against the realities of battle.

John Mearsheimer has got his timing just right. There is much current talk about the need to do this and do that to bolster NATO's conventional forces, but there is no conceptual framework for assessing all these proposals. As Mearsheimer has gone some way toward such a framework, his book will undoubtedly and deservedly receive wide attention. As his message is rather comforting, many will consider it a welcome relief from the merchants of gloom and doom who dominate the literature. This is a carefully argued and well-written study that should immediately raise the quality of the debate. Most importantly, it draws effectively on history to illuminate contemporary problems.

According to Mearsheimer, nations contemplating war are going to be greatly influenced by what they see to be the military strategies open to them. If an attack on the enemy could lead to a long hard slog involving vast expenditure of resources and a large number of casualties, they will think twice before embarking on a major offensive. But if they can see a way through the enemy defenses to achieve a quick and decisive victory, the prospect is somewhat more enticing. Mearsheimer calls these two strategic alternatives "attrition" and "blitzkrieg."

In World War I neither side found a better military method than beating down the other, in the hope that the enemy would become exhausted first. As a result of this miserable experience, there were those who drew the simple conclusion that war had abolished itself, and others who sought for tolerable strategic alternatives. The answers were found in the new technologies of the aircraft and the tank, both of which had begun to demonstrate their potential in the Great War. The approach based on the use of aircraft, independently of ground forces, against vital targets in the enemy's homeland, became known as strategic bombardment; it provided the early underpinnings for nuclear strategy. Mearsheimer does not discuss this. He concentrates on the second approach, based on using the tank to achieve a swift and telling penetration of enemy defences. This approach was conceptualized in the interwar years in Britain by Liddell Hart and Fuller, but applied to devastating effect by the Germans in 1940 as they tore through the British and French forces. Mearsheimer points out that despite the theoretical writings prior to World War II, the full potential of the blitzkrieg strategy was recognized in Germany only months before it was actually implemented, and was not seriously considered an option by the British and French, who were still mesmerized by their experiences of 1914-18.

Mearsheimer's thesis is that unless a blitzkrieg strategy is viable a nation is unlikely to open hostilities. If all that is available is a strategy of attrition, whatever the prospects for eventual success, deterrence will hold. This is true, he argues, even when the sense of enmity is very high. He takes as his case studies the British and French reluctance to launch an offensive against Germany during the period of "phoney war" from September 1939 to May 1940, and the German reluctance to launch their offensive until Hitler and his High

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Command had been convinced that the allies could be defeated quickly and at reasonable cost. This is reinforced by an analysis of Arab and Israeli decision-making in the 1956, 1967, and 1973 wars, and Mearsheimer suggests that it is confirmed by other recent wars as well.

He goes on to assess the options available to the Soviet Union on NATO's Central Front, noting that the Soviet military is indeed interested in blitzkrieg-type operations should war come. Yet he notes a lack of conviction behind much of Soviet writing on the subject. This, he argues, is wise, because of the real difficulties that would be faced in any Soviet attempt to penetrate NATO's defences along the few points which lend themselves to a Soviet offensive. The difficulties in mounting a high-speed offensive are accentuated rather than alleviated by the new technologies of conventional warfare. If NATO keeps up its defenses, therefore, deterrence is likely to hold at this level, whatever is happening at the nuclear level.

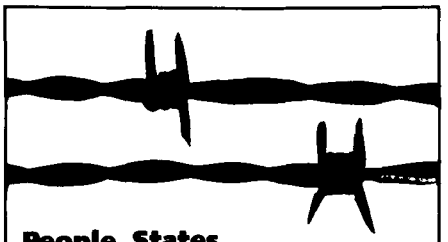
MEARSHEIMER'S "central proposition" is that "in a crisis, if one side has the capability to launch a blitzkrieg, deterrence is likely to fail." Yet he is talking about deterrence in very specific circumstances. Much public discussion of deterrence assumes it to be something which reduces an inclination to confrontation among the great powers, rather than a means of managing confrontation when it occurs. In the narrower sense, deterrence means dissuading an enemy from mounting an offensive. In the general sense, deterrence can result from any feature of a military relationship that makes it inadvisable to move from cold war to hot war, from potential hostility to actual hostility.

By concentrating on crisis, Mearsheimer inevitably has to focus on the specific strategies available to the potential belligerents. Hence his statement that "Conventional deterrence is directly related to military strategy, or more specifically, to the matter of how a nation's armed forces are employed to achieve specific battlefield objectives." For much of the time, however, deterrence results from something more vague, from the sense that war would be an unpleasant and uncertain business in which all sorts of awful things could happen, and it is therefore best avoided. It is only when deterrence has failed at *this* level that one is in the sort of crisis that interests Mearsheimer. In a crisis, deterrence is obviously under some stress, and is therefore likely to be sustained only if the opponent fails to find a suitable strategy.

Concentrating on crisis not only exaggerates the extent to which deterrence can usefully be seen as a function of military strategy, but it also tends to play down the importance of the political context. In his two most substantial case studies, Mearsheimer refers to the calculations made by Britain and France and then by Germany after the actual outbreak of war. He is talking about being deterred from launching offensives rather than being deterred from war itself. In the nuclear age, however, with intense nervousness surrounding even the most limited diplomatic skirmish, it is the latter sort that people have come to expect.

The neglect of the political context—the circumstances that have helped create the crisis and which shape the objectives of the opposing sides—leaves the impression that it is only an assessment of the likely outcome of battle that shapes ultimate decisions about war and peace. Mearsheimer acknowledges in the introduction that many nonmilitary factors affect deterrence, but then he excludes them. Yet many of the vital political factors that shape a crisis also determine the range of military options. This is clear in his awkward discussion of a "limited-aims" strategy, which at one point he suggests to be an alternative to blitzkrieg or attrition. It may be that total objectives are unattainable, in which case limited gain will be sought as a second best; but it may also be that the aims are limited at the start, leading to a much more complex interaction between military options and political objectives.

Notably absent is the whole question of alliance formation and alliance disintegration. A Soviet strategy that would be a high risk against a united NATO might suddenly appear attractive against a newly friendless West Germany, or rendered hopeless by a substantial defection from the Warsaw Pact. This comes out extremely well in the case studies. The question of the number of fronts on which the Germans would have to fight was clearly crucial to the calculations of all belligerents in the period leading up to May 1940, as was the degree of respect accorded to Belgium's neutrality. In the



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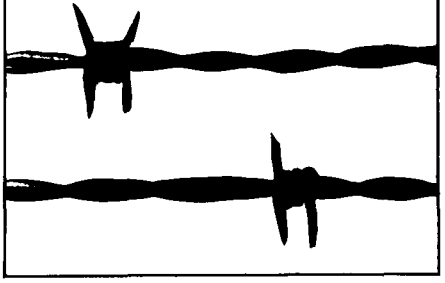

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Middle East, it was the number of Arab states ranged against Israel that encouraged its tendency towards pre-emption. Thus it is not only technology, time, and terrain which shape strategy. Politics does, too. Mearsheimer is quite rightly scathing about the quality of much thinking on conventional deterrence, which looks for security in weapons inventories or manpower levels but ignores the dimension of strategy. Yet Mearsheimer does not himself fully develop this dimension.

His suggestion is that deterrence is at risk if one side has a blitzkreig option. The converse of this, presumably, is that deterrence is safe when no such options exist. This is clearly not true in all circumstances. In a crumbling political order, some carefully chosen military action might aggravate an enemy's internal troubles. Elsewhere, geography and the composition of the opposing forces create a variety of military possibilities. Consider a couple of recent wars. Iraq attacked Iran not because of a blitzkrieg option (indeed it attacked along a broad front) but because of a belief, which turned out to be optimistic, that the Iranian Army was demoralized and the loyalty of minority groups in the border areas to central government in Tehran was uncertain. The later Iranian counter-offensive was based on similar assumptions. In Britain it is common to describe the outbreak of the Falklands War as a "failure in deterrence," because successive governments had managed to create a powerful impression in Buenos Aires that faced with a seizure of the Falklands, there would be no military response by Britain. Since the Islands were inadequately defended, the main factor determining the seizure was to avoid casualties among its defenders and civilians so as not to provoke a response. When the response nevertheless came, it was not based on a clear strategic concept, but on getting as much military power to the South Atlantic as quickly as possible. There then followed a habitual process to which Mearsheimer usefully draws attention. As diplomacy failed, a strategy was cobbled together which turned out to be effective but had nothing to do with blitzkrieg. The terrain was hardly conducive to armored warfare.

So there are ways to win wars that do not depend on blitzkrieg, and there are reasons for opening hostilities that do not involve anticipation of such a success. I suspect from things said along the way that Mearsheimer would not dissent from this. Still, despite his careful case studies, he has not provided a general proposition on deterrence. Even where his argument has validity, where two powerful armies face each other in areas suitable for armored warfare, it is still limited by the narrow and extreme political conditions in which he requires deterrence to operate.

Now the fact that Mearsheimer can show that even in crisis conditions, which we are fortunately nowhere near at the moment in Europe, deterrence might still hold, strengthens his case. Unfortunately this is only true if the existing *political* as well as military balance survives a crisis that has brought the two sides to the brink of war. The real test of Mearsheimer's thesis, then, is whether or not NATO has the capacity, without great additional expenditure of resources or even strategic innovation, to blunt a Soviet blitzkrieg. Here there is much to commend his discussion, and he moves beyond the common tendency to draw large conclusions from small disparities in force levels to a sensitive analysis of the real options open to Soviet planners and their capacity to see them through. He makes an extremely impressive case to the effect that these planners could hardly expect a walkover—that they would, indeed, have every reason to be nervous about their prospects for success.

His analysis would have been somewhat stronger if he had considered air forces alongside land forces. He also leaves himself extremely vulnerable by his somewhat cavalier assumption that NATO will recognize a strategic warning and mobilize accordingly; he does not pretend that this is certain, but acknowledges that the "political decision to mobilize" will have "a significant influence on the outcome of any future conflict in Europe."

Such simplifying assumptions, however, imply a kind of grammar of war undisturbed by the novelties of the nuclear age and the complexities of the modern world, which justifies the adjective "conventional." It becomes almost a relief to think once again about encounters between regular forces, which have to be supplied, moved, trained, and commanded, and so are marked by skill as well as destructiveness. The old equations of mass and velocity, space and time, defending to attacking forces, divisions per kilometer and so on, return in their former glory. Although this can, in its own way, be as much of a pseudoscience as some of the refined theories of nuclear deterrence, it at least gives us a means of understanding conventional warfare in its own terms. But it is not enough. A military analysis is not complete until it takes account of the political factors in the genesis of war.

LAWRENCE FREEDMAN

Lawrence Freedman is professor of War Studies at King's College, London, and the author of *The Evolution of Nuclear Strategy* (St. Martin's Press).

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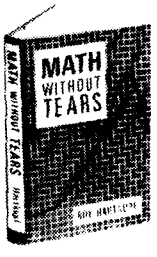

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AENEAS RIDES AGAIN

The Aeneid
by Virgil
translated by Robert Fitzgerald

(Random House, 403 pp., $20)

Virgil's *Aeneid* is the most intractable of the world's epic poems; reduced by translation to dependence on its narrative force, it tends to falter. The *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, *Chanson de Roland*, *Beowulf*, and *Poema del mio Cid* can all maintain their grip on the modern imagination even in the prosiest of versions, but a prose *Aeneid* is enough to daunt even the most dogged reader. One reason for this is the character of the hero. Compared with Achilles, Odysseus, Roland, and the Cid, or with Milton's Satan, he is a bit of a bore: a man burdened with father, son, and household gods, "*pius Aeneas*," who abandons the great love of his life at the call of duty. Yeats's (probably mythical) Irishman thought Aeneas was a priest and Charles James Fox found him "from Book Three on, always either insipid or odious." These are hasty and quite mistaken assessments, but it is still true that though some might find Satan, Achilles, and the rest of the crew odious, no one has ever thought them insipid. The peculiar nature of Virgil's hero, however, is not the only stumbling block for the illatinate reader; there is also the context of the action in the last half of the poem. In the first six books we are on familiar Odyssean ground—a voyage in the western seas with ogres, a female temptress and a descent to the underworld—but once Aeneas lands in Italy he plunges the reader into a complicated world of purely Italian mythical history which, unlike the tale of Troy, offers no familiar names to serve as landmarks; Turnus, Mezentius, Lavinia, Camilla, Evander, and the Rutulians were household words to Virgil's audience, but they have no resonance for the modern reader.

In the original Latin, Virgil's occasional weaknesses as a narrative epic poet (he was not at ease or at his best, for example, in the combat scenes of the last six books) are all but unnoticeable; the reader is overwhelmed by the majesty and grace of the verse. Virgil was a perfectionist; the *Georgics* took him seven years—it works out at about one line a day—and on his deathbed he ordered the unfinished *Aeneid* destroyed. The grave harmony of his hexameters, the exquisite modulations that can contain a world of sadness in half a line (like the three words *ipsius umbra Creusae* that haunted young Augustine and distracted him from his arithmetic), and the infinite variations on the play of the Latin stress accent against the quantitative Greek meter all combine to produce a music that works like an incantation; it helps to explain why Virgil appears in medieval legend as a sorcerer. Such magic is of course untranslatable; even Dryden felt constrained "to acknowledge freely that I have not been able to do him right in any line," and he went on to make the modest claim that his version "will appear a passable beauty when the original Muse is absent."

As if all this were not enough to daunt a translator, the language of the poem, though direct and clear in the narrative and superbly dramatic in the speeches, is a mosaic of literary and historical allusions, rarely explicit but always hauntingly present. Homer is back of almost every line for comparison or contrast. The great figures of Greek tragedy are invoked by similarity of situation and even verbal coincidence: Sophocles's Ajax provides not only a model for Dido's suicide speech but an exact verbal formula for Aeneas's farewell to his son as he goes into battle. The Alexandrian Greek poets as well as Virgil's Latin predecessors, Ennius, Lucretius, and Catullus, can all be heard as near or far-off echoes in the intricate patterns of Virgilian music. And history is everywhere, not only explicitly in the two prophecies of Rome's future—Anchises's parade of great Romans to come and the pageant of Roman victories on the shield of Aeneas—but also implied in the mythical situations: Dido is a Cleopatra who fails in her attempt to seduce a Roman from his imperial destiny and Priam's headless corpse on the shore could not fail to remind Virgil's audience of the fate of Caesar's great opponent Pompey. And all this impacted wealth of allusion is lost when the poem is rephrased in another language for an alien audience; it can be retained only by such self-defeating expedients as explanatory expansion or, worse still, footnotes. The translator must renounce these riches and fall back on whatever equivalent he can contrive for the haunting rhythms of Virgil's hexameters and on the power, such as it is, of the story itself.

Fortunately the story has its own unique source of power; it lies in Virgil's transformation of the epic theme. For the waste and loss of the *Iliad* no purpose is expressed except Helen's prophecy that they will be a subject for epic song, and the return of Odysseus will have no consequence outside his own tiny kingdom. But Aeneas is burdened with the Roman future, the empire which was to establish peace, uniform law, and stable institutions over a vast territory stretching from Scotland to Damascus, from Vienna to the Upper Nile. Aeneas carried his father on his back as he left the flames of Troy and on his wanderings he carries the shape of the future; his Carthaginian idyll endangers worlds to come. The epic theme is grounded in the stern imperatives of history. This is the wellspring of the infinite sadness that haunts Virgil's lines. The Roman imperial destiny made almost unbearable demands, as Aeneas hears from his father in the world below. It is a great destiny:

> Roman, remember by your strength to rule
> Earth's peoples—for your arts are to be these:
> To pacify, to impose the rule of law.
> To spare the conquered, battle down the proud.

But it has no place for the arts of peace;

"Weinberger still carries on with a smile;
Casey's still running the spooks.
Mrs. Kirkpatrick will stay, for a while,
Hurling acerbic rebukes.
Meanwhile, the writing I read on the wall
Tells me there's trouble ahead.
Baker and Deaver won't answer a call
Once the last
Indian's dead."

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the prelude to this stern reminder rules out of the Roman sphere all those artistic and intellectual pursuits that Virgil himself, an intellectual raised by Greek teachers, held most dear.

> Others will cast more tenderly in bronze
> Their breathing figures, I can well believe;
> And bring more lifelike portraits out of marble;
> Argue more eloquently, use the pointer
> To trace the paths of heaven accurately
> And accurately foretell the rising stars.

Virgil's epic celebration of Roman achievement is generous and sincere; Augustus, who commissioned the poem, may have waded through slaughter to a throne but he had in fact brought peace to a world ravaged by almost a century of civil war, and in any case Augustus was no fool. But Virgil has no illusions, and allows none in the poem, about the iron temper such achievement demanded and imposed. In the final lines of the poem, Turnus, defeated and humbled, pleads for mercy. Aeneas is about to grant it when he sees on Turnus's shoulder the sword belt of his young ally Pallas, whom Turnus has killed. In a sudden rage he cuts Turnus down: "Pallas . . ." he says, "from your criminal blood exacts his due." Hearers and readers may have remembered that though Augustus brought peace to the world, he had sworn vengeance on Julius Caesar's murderers and after their deaths at Philippi had dedicated a temple to Mars Ultor, the Avenger.

The lines quoted above, which assess both the profit and the loss involved in the imperial mission, are from Robert Fitzgerald's translation, and they speak eloquently for its quality. The meter is a modern, licensed adaptation of what Milton called "English Heroic Verse without Rime," the vehicle for "true musical delight, which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and a sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings. . . ." Fitzgerald, in a sympathetic but critical introduction to Dryden's famous version in heroic couplets, imagined what might have happened if Milton, on his return from Italy in 1640, had taken up Virgil—"he might have written the one truly Virgilian long poem." Fitzgerald is not Milton but his expertise in this meter is of long standing—he comes to the *Aeneid* with a universally admired *Odyssey* and a brilliant but more controversial *Iliad*—and in this *Aeneid* he is at the top of his form. From beginning to end of this English poem (for such it can claim to be called) the reader will find the same sure control of English rhythms, the same deft phrasing, and an energy which urges the eye onward; even the subtly engineered paragraph breaks are an invitation to read on rather than to pause.

IT IS IN this mastery of the verse form that Fitzgerald draws ahead of his predecessor Allan Mandelbaum, whose *Aeneid*, first published in 1970, drew deserved praise from critics and filled a long-felt want. Mandelbaum handles the line well, but he can be careless; the sense is sometimes not "variously drawn out from one Verse into another" but rather abruptly switched:

> If Pollux could redeem his brother by
> the death he alternates with him, *and goes*
> *and comes time after time on this same*
> *road . . .*
> I need not speak of mighty Theseus or
> of Hercules. I, too, stem from high Jove.

Fitzgerald is smoother (though Mandelbaum's phrase for *itque reditque viam totiens* is more lively):

> If Pollux
> Redeemed his brother, taking his turn at death,
> *So often passing back and forth;* why name
> The heroes, Theseus and Hercules?
> By birth I too descend from Jove on high—

The later edition of Mandelbaum (1981) is equipped with a guide to the pronunciation of Latin names and a full glossary which identifies people and places. Fitzgerald provides no introduc-

HABIT, THOSE YARDS

Habit, those yards of black serge
scented by incense and beeswax,
by vegetables pale from their rootcellar

and boiled, veils the self. Night-bride,
I would wed some other sphere than this scorn
of starlings crowning the power pole

between rumpled sky and ragged street.
In the laundromat window's condensation,
someone has lettered a name now weeping

and pressed a nose territorially. Wet,
black is giving away its combination
of submerged blues and reds—

wild blackberries, overrunning a foundation,
overripe late summer, bled into my hands,
their last resistance denying surrender

with exaggerated wounds. Rose of regret,
rose of desire—in the motions of love,
the smooth machinery disengages the mind—

winter solstice, a beveled window
fractures into another order
profligate rays out of habit thought whole.

Between green and blue, between jade
and aquamarine, between any two names,
an infinite divisibility yawns

in this, the fraction that is the visible.

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tion, no notes or glossary. He is content to let his version stand alone on its own merits. And stand it does. It is the sad fate of translators, as George Steiner pointed out in a recent symposium on the subject, to be judged by those who have the least need of their mediation; and it is indeed hard for someone who has known and loved the Latin since his schooldays to imagine what impression this English poem will make on a reader innocent alike of the original language and Greco-Roman history. But it is safe to say that he will be a very insensitive reader if, once launched on Aeneas's fateful journey with Fitzgerald as his guide, he does not follow it to the end.

BERNARD KNOX

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A LONG STORY

The Stories of William Trevor

(Penguin, 799 pp., $8.95)

Fools of Fortune
by William Trevor

(Viking, 239 pp., $13.95)

Heir to the Hibernian sense of history as a nightmare, William Trevor barely seems to sleep. Instead, he writes, all the time. For nearly two decades now he has produced a novel or a collection of short stories almost every year. His pen has never been the slightest bit jittery, however. It flows quickly, but with a fine-edged moral clarity. This fall Penguin has published an omnibus edition of all of Trevor's stories (five collections' worth) to accompany his new novel, *Fools of Fortune*, his ninth. Decorated with prizes in Ireland, where he was born, and in England, where he now lives, he is at last acquiring renown in this country.

Together, the thick volume of stories and the slender novel call attention to Trevor's central preoccupation: the wages of history, on both a public and private scale. Few of his characters are spared an uneasy sense of the past weighing on the present, looming over the future. The places they live are none too promising—wayside spots in England and Ireland, more often seedy than scenic—but it's the passage of time that seems to pose the most trouble.

In Trevor's earlier stories, the past in question is personal—the span of a lifetime, often a long one. Elderly characters are featured in his first collection, *The Day We Got Drunk on Cake*. In "The General's Day," the 78-year-old General is feeling a little muddled even before he gets surpassingly sloshed, as he does in the course of his Saturday stroll—soon enough it's a roll—through the village.

> The General walked on, his thoughts rambling. He thought of the past; of specific days, of moments of shame and pride in his life. The past was his hunting ground; from it came his pleasure and a good deal of everything else. Yet he was not proof against the moment he lived in. The present could snarl at him; could drown his memories so completely that when they surfaced they were like the burnt tips of matches floating on a puddle, finished and done with. He walked through the summery day, puzzled that all this should be so.

The General has plenty of company in his puzzlement. Trevor's briskly paced stories generally center on characters who are slightly, or greatly, off-balance—easy victims not only of cooler, unkind types but also of their own delusions or uncomfortable insights. Trevor's prose, by contrast, is clear and confident, and the disparity gives a comic edge to even his bleakest stories.

And many of them are bleak. The present often snarls at Trevor's Protestant families living in what has become Catholic Ireland, at lonely women and confused husbands, at unhappy children and retirees in both England and Ireland. Their memories of better days tend to be elusive, unsettling rather than inspiring. The brazen romanticism of Trevor's titles for his first three collections—*The Day We Got Drunk on Cake*, *The Ballroom of Romance*, and *Angels at the Ritz*—betrays the irony characteristic of his nostalgia. That dizzying day with cake "would slide away like all the other days," lasting in memory "only as a flash on the brittle surface of nothing," the narrator of the title story laments. Those angels have long since fallen away from truth and into illusions, both comic and tragic.

Some fall further than others. Polly in "Angels at the Ritz," one of the best stories, is among Trevor's sturdier characters. Surrounded by suburban pretense and middle-aged silliness, she hasn't succumbed—except to "middle-aged calmness," which she half-regrets. Malcolmson, a dismal divorced father in "Access to the Children," has fallen further, solacing himself with ever fonder memories and fantasies the lower he gets. Each Sunday, after seeing his children, he "drank to the day that was to come, when the error he had made would be wiped away, when the marriage would continue. 'Ridiculous,' he said, 'Of course it is.' " Even Trevor's children feel a sense of loss; the young narrator of "Mr. McNamara," another outstanding story, can no longer remember his dead father except with bitterness, having discovered a lie at the heart of the man's life. His own history, the boy feels, has been forever warped: ". . . I, who had taken his place, must now continue his deception, and keep the secret of his lies and his hypocrisy."

In Trevor's two most recent story collections, as well as in his new novel, history happens on a larger scale, and his imagination flourishes on the more expansive terrain. The time Trevor treats is an entire violent century: years of tension and outbreaks of trouble between England and Ireland, as well as two world wars. Here, as in his earlier stories, memory is an ambivalent power. As a child Matilda, the narrator of "Matilda's England" in *Lovers of Their Time*, listens to an old widow's recollections of World War I. On top of that dark inheritance, she accumulates her own memories of the next war and finally goes mad. In the title story of *Beyond the Pale*, Cynthia too is over-

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whelmed by history's legacy as she sits in an Irish hotel and listens to a man's tale of a childhood sweetheart turned terrorist. "Evil breeds evil in a mysterious way," she rants, more ravaged than enlightened by the appalling insight.

But there is another, transcendent, truth that time teaches and that some of Trevor's luckier characters learn. In "Autumn Sunshine," also in *Beyond the Pale*, an Irish rector passes it on in a sermon "in which he tried to make the point that one horror should not fuel another, that passing time contained its own forgiveness." That merciful lesson is more powerful coming from Attracta in *Lovers of Their Time*, who discovers that her Protestant parents were accidentally killed by the same people who are her steadfast friends years later. "The years had turned the truth around," she attempts to explain to the children she teaches, small witnesses to too much violence.

Willie Quinton, the hero of *Fools of Fortune*, also knows the horrors of history up close—closer than any of Trevor's characters ever have. Endeavoring a more encompassing and emblematic treatment of the themes familiar from his recent stories, Trevor invests an Anglo-Irish family saga—three generations of Quinton travails—with almost allegorical significance. In this novel memory confronts a nightmare of history that has assumed mythic proportions.

The novel begins, however, on a more familiar and modest familial scale. The first half of *Fools of Fortune* is devoted to Willie Quinton's reminiscence of his childhood first at Kilneagh, the homestead of his Irish Protestant family over generations; then in a bleak apartment in Cork; and then in boarding school. Those days are a distant past for the man who is recalling them now, many years and ordeals later. The nostalgia that suffuses his account is the morally regenerative, rather than the escapist, kind—steady and clear, not blurred, moving by virtue of its understated exactness. Willie sees that past truly, free of either retrospective sweetness or bitterness.

Back then there were questions as well as comforts in life at Kilneagh with his tranquil Irish father, resolute English mother, two younger sisters, and loyal household staff. Willie basked in the slow provincial way of life he was born to. Yet he also wondered about two less predictable paths, love and politics, as he watched the servants' flirtations and observed revolutionary leader Michael Collins's visitations to his father. And unpredictable they certainly prove to be: one day Willie's father and sister are killed and Kilneagh burned by Black and Tan soldiers on a mission of revenge as crudely unjust as it is carefully calculated. After a sad span of years, Willie's love for his English cousin Marianne, which promises to be his salvation, is unexpectedly shattered by yet more violence.

IT'S HERE that Trevor's narrative also takes an unexpected turn, away from reminiscence and toward mystery and myth. Except for one more brief tale from Willie, the rest of the novel is told first by Marianne, who returns to Ireland pregnant with Willie's baby, only to find that he has disappeared; then from the perspective of their fey child, Imelda. Next to Willie's tragic ordeal, Marianne's trials seem Gothic, more a product of scene than of history. She has no past for us, only an arduous present, settling into the charred remains of Kilneagh to await Willie's return and to ruminate on his fate, often with bitterness. Their daughter Imelda dwells on her father's story with childish, then crazed, intensity. Obsessively piecing together fragments of the events before her birth, the child goes mad—a transformation Trevor daringly, and successfully, depicts, his prose still spare as he weaves myth with realism.

But if Trevor's prose is equal to his more expansive saga, his plot does not prove to be. Throughout the short novel, the narrative has been elliptical, leaping, usually with grace, among characters and in time. At the end, however, Trevor takes a transcendent step that is too large, moving beyond history and into a realm of fantasy that seems to reduce, rather than to redeem, his characters and their circumstances. Imelda's visions of fire and screaming children are replaced by idyllic images of old Kilneagh and evenings full of the linnet's wings. Revered among the local people, she radiates a calm born of her sense that "tranquility was there, no matter how death came"—a saintly shadow of her former self. Fortune deals equally sweetly with Willie and Marianne, for whom solace seems to come too easily. "They are aware that there is a miracle in this end," Trevor

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"**The** political calendar for 1984." - *In These Times*

"A piece of grim humor that Orwell would have enjoyed."
- *Bernard Crick*
(George Orwell's biographer)

November

1

1963–Diem coup successful. (see June 30)

1972–The *Washington Post* reports on White House study requiring "manufacture and installation of special FM receivers in every home radio and television set, boat and automobile, which could be automatically turned on by the government to contact every citizen, whether awake or asleep," and called for "full coverage, 100 percent of the population."

1982–*Detroit Free Press* reports a Santa Clara, Ca., chief parole officer proposes attaching computers to parolees to monitor their whereabouts and also the use of electronic implants to control violent criminals.

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writes, in "the mercy of their daughter's quiet world in which there is no ugliness."

In fact, however, the miracle of this novel is not in its end—in Imelda's saintly vision, in which a transcendent truth has turned time around. The real miracle unfolds in Trevor's beginning—in Willie's humane memory, in which time has turned the mundane truth around. His recollection of his past, all its mystery and madness preserved, is far from a mere flash on the brittle surface of nothing. It is a light that might guide toward a more merciful future.

ANN HULBERT

TRB, *from page 6*

Western nuclear powers (the United States, Britain, and France) is perfectly appropriate, since the Western nations deserve the blame. The Russians haven't given the bomb to anyone. The United States, by contrast, has delivered nuclear information, equipment, and fuel to nations around the world, ostensibly for power plants but with laughably inadequate safeguards against making weapons.

Just to give one example, India's "peaceful" explosion used vital "heavy water" supplied by the United States. India has refused to sign the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, in which 112 nations have pledged (however deceitfully) not to go nuclear. What could be clearer? Under a 1978 U.S. law, nations that won't pledge not to develop nuclear weapons and won't agree to international inspection can't get nuclear fuel from us. (Only the major nuclear powers, so far, can make enriched uranium to fuel nuclear power plants.) In 1980 President Carter used his authority to waive this rule and gave India more fuel. Then earlier this year the Reagan Administration arranged for France to supply the fuel instead, an evasion of the law that also has been used to resupply South Africa and Brazil. India explicitly reserves the right to reprocess this fuel into plutonium for more "peaceful" nuclear explosions.

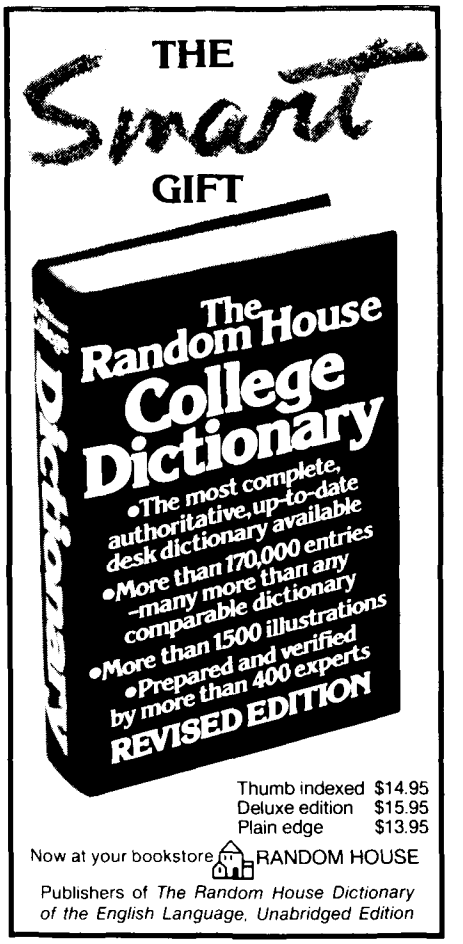
The reason given for sliding down this slippery slope with India and other countries is that remaining a "reliable supplier" is our best hope of retaining leverage over their nuclear activities. The reason not given usually is a desire to curry favor as part of the great geopolitical waltz. But do we really want Mrs. Gandhi to have the bomb?

Thus the final reason for zeroing in on proliferation: just as unilateral negligence by the Western nuclear powers has created this nightmare, unilateral action by the West, or even the United States alone, could end it. The means would be drastic, but certainly not out of proportion with the hysterical rhetoric of the antinuclear movement. If the United States wishes to stop the spread of nuclear weapons, it does not need treaties or negotiations or a reputation as a reliable supplier to get its way.

Despite a lot of talk, only one nation has actually done anything in recent years to reduce the risk of nuclear war breaking out somewhere, and that's Israel, with its 1981 bombing raid on the Iraqi nuclear research reactor. If the United States really wished to prevent any additions to the nuclear club, we could simply follow Israel's example and destroy nuclear potential (even Israel's, if necessary) by using conventional force. No one could stop us. The mere threat of using such force, if convincing, would almost surely be enough to make the most recalcitrant nation sign the non-nuclear pledge and open its facilities to inspection.

What I'm suggesting, only half in jest, is naked, ugly superpower imperialism. It also could turn violent. We're the big guys, you're the little guys. We have the bomb, but you cannot. Dismantle your facilities or we'll do it for you. Sorry. Imperialism and violence are not in the spirit of the antinuclear movement, which is against the big powers and peace-loving. But what might be called instant disarmament is perfectly in keeping with the logic of antinuclear rhetoric, which holds that the prospect of nuclear war puts conventional war in the shade. This popular assertion may or may not be true (recent developments in conventional warfare are pretty horrific); but certainly nothing would make a major outbreak of conventional war between the superpowers more likely than elimination of the fear that it could go nuclear. Why not, then, a little preemptive conventional war, if necessary, to eliminate the greatest realistic prospect of a nuclear one?

But maybe the antinuclear movement is not that serious.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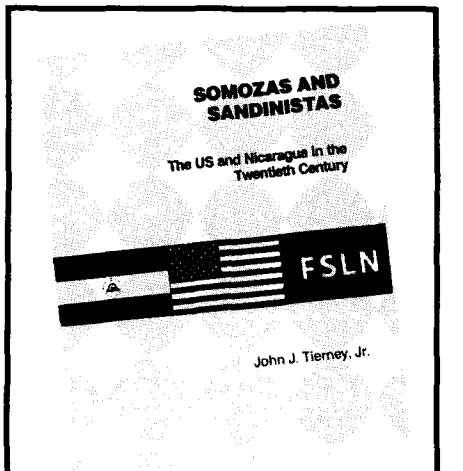

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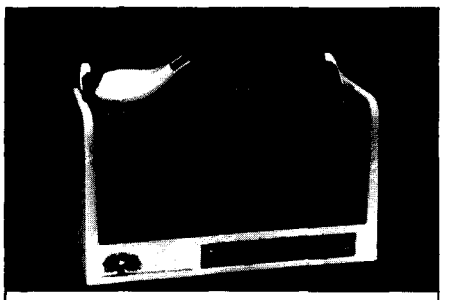

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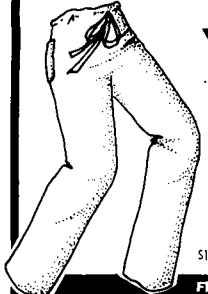

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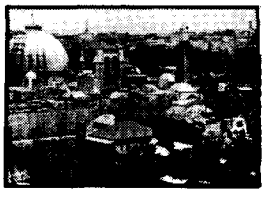

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Man's Best Friend

GUIDING THE FINANCIAL destiny of a serious political and literary magazine can be a tough racket. It's particularly frustrating if, like me, you're also a subscriber to a monthly publication called *PC*. The November issue is 750 pages long, weighs three and a quarter pounds, and contains nearly five hundred advertisements, mostly of the full-page variety. In fact, there are more pages of ads in a single issue of *PC*, which is eighteen months old and is published monthly, than there are in an entire year of issues of TNR, which is sixty-nine years old and is published weekly. *PC* is a computer magazine. More precisely, it is a magazine whose readers own a specific machine, the IBM Personal Computer. (Ziff-Davis, the big publishing concern that owns *PC*, has announced that it's coming out with a new magazine called *PCjr*, aimed at owners of IBM's just-unveiled, lower-priced model.) There are computer magazines for Apples, Ataris, Commodores, Kaypros, Radio Shack TRS 80s, and on and on. The editorial content of *PC* is comprised of reviews of software programs you can run on an IBM PC and technical articles like "How to Avoid Surges, Static and Shortcomings on Your Power Line." *PC* has a competitor, *PC World*. It's run by people who helped start *PC* but left when the magazine was sold to Ziff-Davis. *PC World* (soon to be joined by *PCjr World*) is smaller than *PC*—the last issue ran a mere 484 pages—but then it's only nine months old. In its last issue, *PC World* did something that none of the seventy-odd popular magazines on computers had ever done before: it bound into its pages a diskette (a piece of black plastic about the size of a 45 RPM record but more flexible) containing part of a word processing program. "Word processing" is computer jargon for writing, and the idea of the diskette, which was a paid advertisement, was to introduce readers to the joys of a particular program called Microsoft Word.

UNFORTUNATELY, I can't run the demonstration diskette on my IBM PC. I don't have enough RAM (random-access memory). The electronic innards of my computer have only enough space to accommodate 64,000 bytes (characters) of memory. The demonstration disk was so sophisticated that it needed twice that much to function—to get the computer to process words in the program's ever-so-tricky way. The diskette needed 128 K (a K is a thousand to those of us who understand the future) of RAM. When people who own personal computers get together these days, they often talk about RAM, and the conversations remind me of ones I used to have in high school twenty years ago. Back then we bragged about horsepower, about cars that were chopped, channeled, bored, and stroked. Four on the floor. But I felt then with cars, as I do now with computers, that the real subject of these conversations was rather different. A guy with 640 K of RAM is the electronic equivalent of well-hung.

THE PROBLEM WITH COMPUTER magazines—in fact, with anything written about computers, including books and "documentation" (that's jargon for instructions)—is that they're practically unreadable. This state of affairs has been fortunate for a young Californian named Peter A. McWilliams. He's gotten rich by writing computer books that any knucklehead can understand. On the other hand, McWilliams writes in a cloying cutesy-pie style ("One of these little yes/no circuits can say 'no' faster than Debbie Boone," etc.), and he bulks up his books with reproductions of old lithographs.

ANOTHER REASON McWilliams is so popular is that he has strong opinions about brands. He detests Apples, for example—a judgment in which I concur. I think Apples try to be too many things to too many people; of course, my friends who own Apples disagree. Computer owners are fierce partisans. I like the fact that my IBM PC doesn't play games very well (it makes me feel more serious), but my Apple-owning pals say they're hooked on versatility. I bought a PC partly because I was scared of computers and high technology in general, and so I felt more comfortable owning something that had an IBM label on it. I also bought it because I fell in love with the way it looked; it's smooth and curvy and cozy and sort of hums with imaginary power. In other words, I got taken in by the styling. I'm like the people who used to buy Detroit cars for the tail fins. Christopher Lehmann-Haupt recently quoted the novelist Hugh Nissenson in *The New York Times* as saying about his computer, "It's alive. It's a companion. With its big TV screen it looks like it's got a head." The PC is reassuringly anthropomorphic.

THE NEW YORK TIMES says that "about 40 percent of all professional writers have now plugged themselves into word processors." THE NEW REPUBLIC has plugged in too—tentatively at first, but now we're about to become completely wired, probably with a dozen IBM PCs. At the moment we have four computers made by a company called Computek, which specializes in building terminals that connect editors and writers to bigger computers made by Atex. These Atex machines, which are usually owned by larger publishers or print shops, do the actual typesetting. A Computek terminal (I'm typing on one now) lacks the sleek good looks of the PC, but it has an anachronistic charm (I'm reminded of a jeep, or a Dumont TV), and it does the job. It's also expensive, and less versatile than the PC. We bought our Computeks about a year ago, just before someone invented cheap software that can connect PCs to Atex machines. That's a typical computer story. Here's another: when we bought our computers, writers and editors were reluctant to use them—something about disrupting the creative process. Now they adore the things, and they're clamoring for their own. It's almost universal. Once a writer uses a computer, he realizes very quickly that the tedious parts of writing—moving around paragraphs, rewriting, changing words here and there—are all a snap. A computer seems to replicate the thought process better than a typewriter, with its noisy, heaving gears and pulleys. It's as though the screen were wired to your synapses. Changes are swift and effortless. The words move as in a dream.

BUT ALL THIS LEAVES The New Republic Inc. without a cash cow. True, we missed the boat on computer magazines. But what about starting another kind of magazine that reaches users of a specific product? How about *New Republic World: The Magazine for New Republic Readers*? We could make a mint.

J.K.G.

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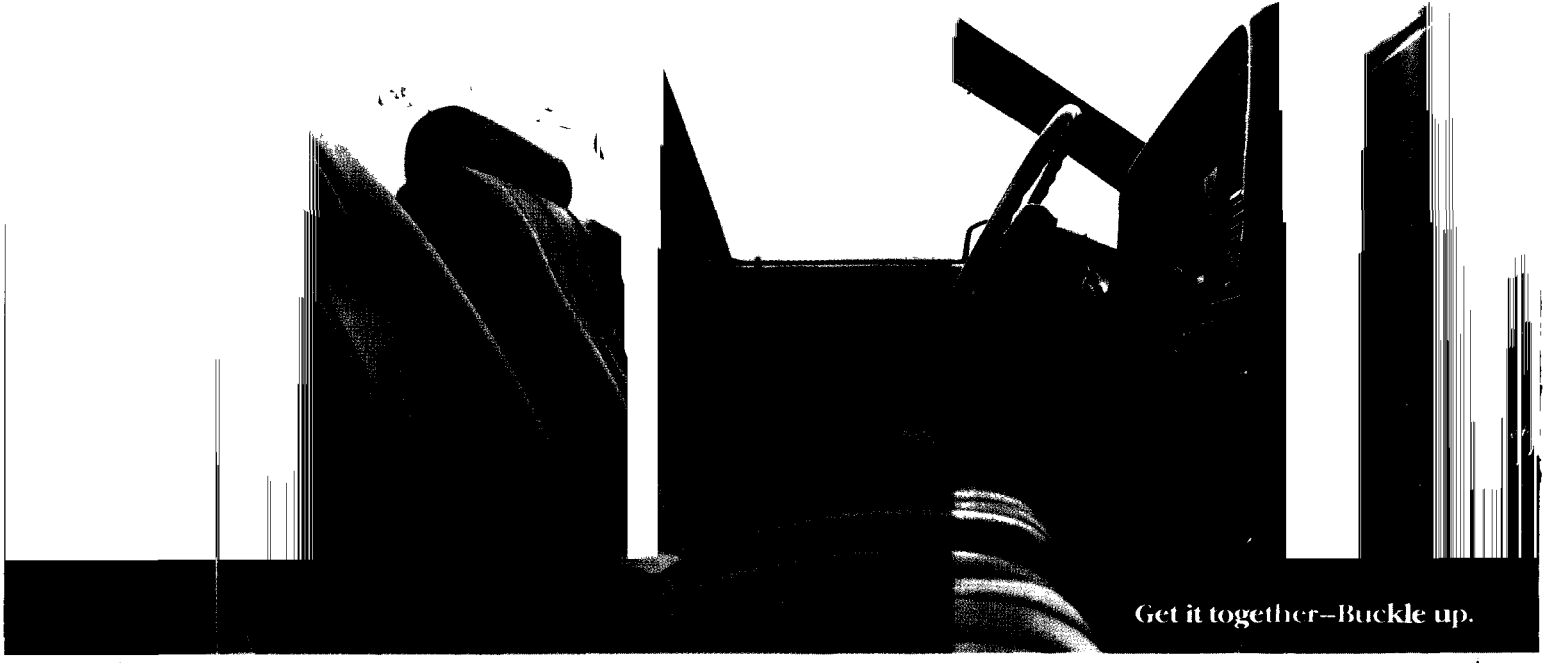


The new '84 Ford Tempo. Technology never felt so comfortable.

The inside story.

Tempo's interior is a computer-refined compartment for five. Computer-designed placement of seats, door, roof and window areas afford maximum space efficiency.

Even Tempo's front-wheel-drive configuration was designed to provide more interior room. Since there is no drive shaft, there is no large hump to rob valuable floor space. In fact, Tempo actually has more rear room than a Mercedes 300D.*

For driver's convenience, controls are all placed within easy reach. For added ease, wipers and washer, directionals, high-beams and flash-to-pass are located on the steering column itself.

Technology that works for you.

Outside, a unique aerodynamic shape channels the wind over and around Tempo to help increase fuel efficiency. It also directs the airflow, reducing overall lift for improved stability and directional control.

Its front-wheel drive delivers all-weather traction, while its four-wheel independent suspension provides a smooth ride.

Plus, Tempo has the world's most advanced automotive computer, the EEC-IV. It processes up to 250,000 commands per second. Coupled with Tempo's 2300 HSC (High Swirl Combustion) engine, you get quick power response from a standing start and at cruising speed.

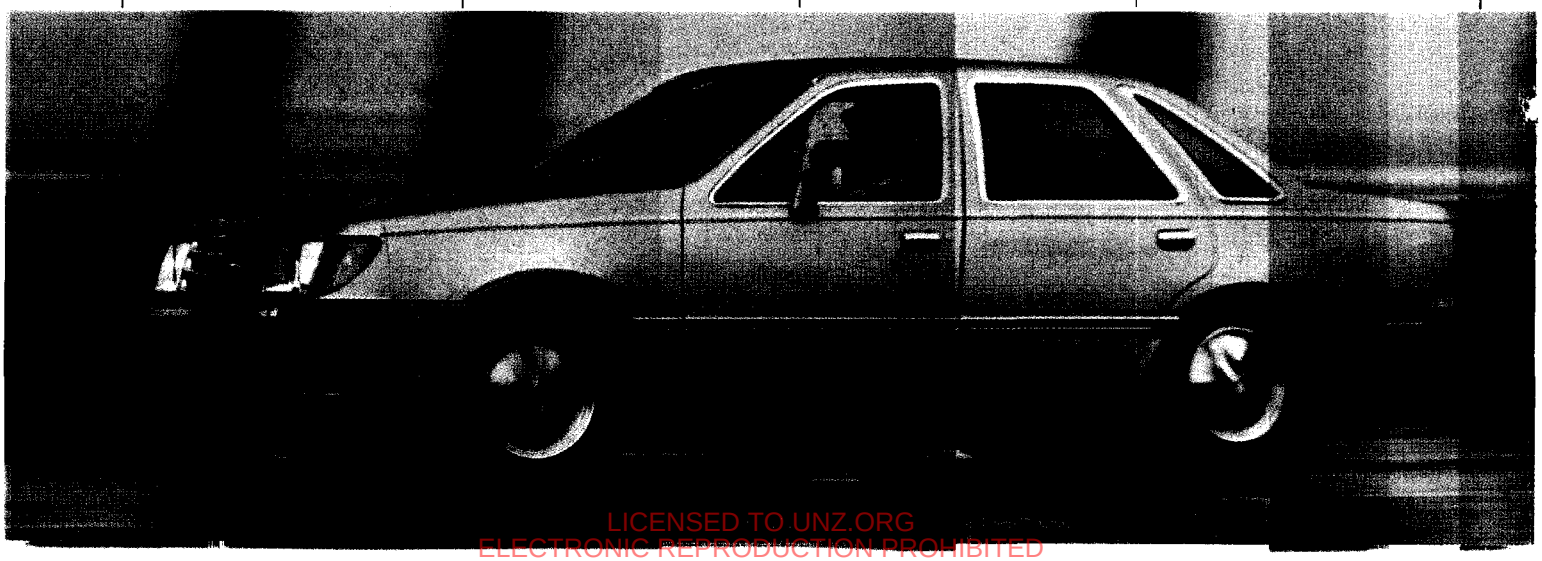
Best-built American cars.

When we say "Quality is Job 1," we are talking about more than a commitment. We are talking about results. A recent survey concluded Ford makes the best-built American cars. The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S. And that commitment continues in 1984.

*Based on EPA Interior Volume Index.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?

Ford



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